The Izaak Walton League of America
1401 Wilson Boulevard, Level B
Arlington, Virginia 22209

OA

DECEMBER 1922
VOL. 1 NO 4

Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Volume I **DECEMBER, 1922** **Number 4**

"All Together, Heave!"

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

THIS world has never known a country equal to ours in size, having greater natural beauty of conformation, diversity of scenery and wealth of animal and plant life. Three hundred years ago, in the days of our beginnings as a nation, places that are now known as Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave and the Everglades, were practically untouched; the Dunes, shifting mountains of sand, Brown County, Indiana, as fine an example of varying glade and dale covered with as magnificent hard-wood timber as the world ever has produced. The prairies really rolled, the mountain ranges towered, the Garden of the Gods, The Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, Muir Woods, the Yosemite, the entire picturesque stretch of Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, lay in very nearly natural state while we had the unique advantage of having ice on our heads and our feet in tropical heat. We were a land of great placid lakes. We knew the sweep of mighty winds, our ears were attuned to the songs of running water. We had lakes bordered with true lotus lilies, the biggest trees in all the world. We had forest trees, magnolia, tulip—poplar and the like literally mantled with bloom every spring. Rare ferns of all varieties and flowers from the bloody red snow flower of the mountains to fragile orchids of southern trees, from nodding lilies to pastel cacti of the scorched desert. In animal life there were uncounted herds of buffalo, elk and moose. There were deer and bear, seal and beaver. The trees and the waters were aflame with gaudy birds from parrots to flamingoes, from painted warblers to the equally painted wood-duck.

Only as a day in the life of the evolution of the world is three hundred years, and after this length of time **we, today, are called upon to answer for our stewardship** of this plethora of riches and beauty. We admit that we have handled these natural wonders, this profusion of riches in a spirit of insane recklessness. During my own childhood, I recall the ascending smoke of countless burning log heaps and those heaps were composed of golden oak, walnut, red cherry, bird's-eye maple and hickory trees that today would sell for hundreds of dollars each. Trees that were suitable to be sawed into thin slabs for the veneering of less expensive woods. Yet, I saw them cut by the acre, indiscriminately stacked and burned where they fell in order that the land upon which they stood might be used for the cultivation of crops.

There was no one individual with vision to erect warehouses and save for us today untold billions that went up in the smoke of the most wanton waste this world ever has known.

The animal life receded before the destruction of the forests, the buffalo ranging in countless herds are now practically extinct. The splendidly beautiful wood-duck, extremely rare. The wild pigeon that once broke down branches of forest trees with the weight of their numbers, now gone forever. Among the smaller insectivorous birds the numbers have diminished until our orchards, our berry bushes are the prey of insect and aphis.

As a result of the destruction of the forests, the springs are dried at their sources, the little streams have been plowed over, the rivers are sickly, many of them lying with dry beds during the heat of summer when the blessed beneficence of water is most coveted, and our lake levels are constantly being lowered until a land, that fifty years ago knew abundant summer rains every few days, is now subjected to weeks of scorching summer drought that stunt the corn, put the tang of bitterness into shrivelled fruit and bake the tiny potatoes in *(Continued on page 173)*

Gene Stratton-Porter

Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—Editor

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
ZANE GREY
HAROLD T. PULSIFER
OZARK RIPLEY
TRAVERS D. CARMAN
BOB BECKER
M. L. GOCHENOUR
THOMAS AMBROSE
MARGUERITE IVES

Volume I | DECEMBER, 1922 | Number 4

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial, All Together, Heave! . . . . . *Gene Stratton-Porter* Cover
The Bonefish Brigade . . . . . *Zane Grey* 131–2–3–4
A $2,500.00 Story and Worth It Too.
The Little River of Future Hopes . . . . . *Wm. J. Lewis* 135–6–7
About Your River and Mine.
Pollution . . . . . *Dr. James A. Henshall* 138–9
Important to Health and Fishermen.
John Moreland—Fisherman . . . . . *Will H. Dilg* 140–1–2
A Fisherman Not Born but Made.
To The Unknown God . . . . . *Emerson Hough* 143
Containing Several Hints to Rich Men.
Plant a Bass . . . . . *B. F. Wilder* 144–5
With Proved Facts About Maine.
Sea Angling . . . . . *Edited by Zane Grey* 146–7
Trouble on the Atlantic Coast . . . . . *Frank L. Stick*
Are You a Magdalenian? . . . . . *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer* 148–9
More About the Barbless Hook.
The Hermit of the Niangua . . . . . *Lola Green* 150–1–2–3
A Tale of Fish and Some Philosophy.
Nimrod Memories . . . . . *Edited by M. L. Gochenour* 154–5
Commencing Hunting Contest.—*By the Hunters of the League*
Getting Acquainted With the Birds . . . . . *Bob Becker* 156
Facts About Alaskan Birds.
The Outdoor Woman . . . . . *Marguerite Ives* 157–8–9
The Canoe Trip . . . . . *Francis Abigail Maynard* 157
The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods . . . . . *Letters of Nan* 158–9
Captain Mattes' Big Muskie . . . . . *Viola C. Reeling* 160–1
The Story of a Forty-Six Pounder.
The Wild Pigeon . . . . . *R. T. Milner* 162
Part of Our Lost Heritage.
There's Good Sport Ahead, Boys . . . . . *By the Editor* 163
A Rallying Call.
The "Plug" . . . . . *Charles Heddon* 164–5
A Manufacturer Has His Say.
An Angling Memory . . . . . *Dr. George Parker Holden* 166
A Famous Fisherman's Recollection.
Angling Memories . . . . . *By Members of the League* 167–8–9
Big Days on Lakes and Streams.
"Charlie V." and the Cayenne Pepper . . . . . *Travers D. Carman* 170
A Dog Story with a Lesson.
Angling Literature . . . . . *Thomas Ambrose* 171
Reviewing—Viscount Grey's "Recreation" and Major Hills' "The History of Fly Fishing for Trout."
Pipe Chats . . . . . *Dr. Preston Bradley* 174
Interesting Talks About Interesting People.
News of the Chapters 175–6–7

Published by the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

326 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL. SUITE 528-530

Issued Monthly. Yearly subscription $1.00 in advance. Single copy 15c

Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Bonefish Brigade

By ZANE GREY

IN February, 1922, I returned to my old haunts at Long Key, Florida, to find that absence had only endeared the coral islet to me, and that the interval of study, writing, and the charm of new places had brought me only greater appreciation of old associations.

It is now ten or twelve years since R. C. and I accidentally dropped into Long Key Fishing Camp. We had been en route for Tampico to fish for tarpon, and when the captain of the Ward Liner told us of yellow fever in Mexico we disembarked at Nassau, and eventually wound up at Long Key.

How well I remember being puzzled by a number of anglers quite out of my ken! They were bonefishermen. At that time this vague classification did not mean anything in my young angling life. I really did not give them credit for rationality. Somebody designated them as "bonefish bugs." It is not my intention to dwell upon the years required to inoculate R. C. and me with this peculiar and irresistible mania.

It will suffice to give a few impressions of what I nicknamed the Bonefish Brigade. Even at that early day they had been coming to Florida every winter in pursuit of their strange and illusive game. They generally appeared along in February, six or eight or even ten in number; and they fell at once into what seemed to me most unproductive and mysterious ways.

First they would convene on the porch of their cottage facing the sea, and there they would loll and lounge, with their pale, tired, and pleasant faces up to the sun. They always had an interest in other anglers and their luck, but they were strangely reticent about their own pursuits. Indeed I can see now how they dwelt upon the heights of angling bliss, down from which they condescended to look kindly upon less fortunate mortals.

Usually after a day or two of rest three or four of these gentlemen would don the most disreputable clothes, and armed with an old bag and a bucket they would sally forth on some errand most strikingly and obviously important. It puzzled me. I used to watch them wonderingly and half with pity and amusement. But the ragged old clothes bothered me. I had to respect that circumstance. R. C. and I had imagined the prerogative of comfortable old togs as ours alone. And the bag and bucket made me suspicious. Could it be possible that this gang, among whose number were Standard Oil magnates and other kinds of millionaires, was going out to catch bait? The idea was preposterous. I dismissed it from mind. But when they came back wet, tired, dirty and happy, with the bag and bucket full of something manifestly precious I had a shock. Actually these men had been after bait! R. C. shared my amaze and discomfiture; and thereafter we spied upon these men who had our secret of harking back to boyhood.

Fishermanz, the chief of this brigade, would carry a camp-chair out on the beach, and a rod big enough to catch tarpon, and a tin can and a hammer, and a mysterious article about the size of a pancake, only much thicker and heavier. This he would hold on his knees and crack something on it with his hammer. Then as a small boy throws an apple from a pointed springy stick, Fishermanz would swing his big rod and cast bait and sinker far out into a foot of shallow water. That done he would recline in the camp-chair, the rod over his knees, the line between his fingers, and there he would stay. I repeat the word stay! I used to wonder if he was watching the incoming tide. Much as I studied him that first visit of mine at Long Key I never saw him get even a bite. He seemed to dream, and that made me jealous. I can stand a man to be a better angler than I am—which is not hard to be—but as for the dreamer end of it I claim distinction. Fishermanz did this thing every day, getting a little later each day, until my dense brain began to associate his vigil somehow with the maneuvers of the tide.

Bumfellar was Fishermanz's constant companion, except when they fished. R. C. and I thought this the queerest thing. Manifestly when they fished along the beach they got as far apart as possible. I believe each of them was afraid the other might catch a bonefish. Bumfellar's way was to anchor a skiff some fifty feet off shore and sit in it all day, motionless as an Indian fisherman, which is to be as motionless as a rock.

Loosfish was the most interesting one of this remarkable group. He was the eldest, a slight, serious-faced man, quite frail, and a very courteous and friendly and fine old gentleman, except upon his return from fishing. Then he was energetic, violent, and exceedingly

profane. I gathered that, according to his own statements, he could not do anything but lose fish.

He would don a big sun-hat, and armed with considerable paraphernalia, he would walk up the beach to a secluded spot, and there act very much like a big dog that turns round and round, finally to settle down for a sleep. Loosfish, however, was certainly wide awake, To my dismay I passed near him twice, once on the beach, where naturally I had to walk, as there was only the narrow strip of coral; and again in a canoe. With the canoe I imagined it much more considerate of me to paddle quite close to the beach, so as not to scare any bonefish. But on the first occasion Loosfish glared so savagely at me that I feared I had done something terrible; and upon the second he spoke in cold, cutting language, the content of which I dare not give to the printed page. Really I was ashamed of myself for spying upon these estimable gentlemen, and meekly went upon my way. Nevertheless I did not cease my industry as to what and why and when and where.

One of the brigade was a very short, stout, red-faced man, most wonderfully cheerful, who singularly enough went by the name Rounddelay. It should have been Round-he-lay, for at lying around he had all the others of the brigade beaten to a frazzle.

I always felt sorry for Rounddelay. His gang led him the life of a dog. All because he did not, or could not, or would not fish, yet insisted on going with them! He was the most cheerful man I ever met. When after a day on the sea you encountered him it was to find him most inquisitive, eager as a boy to hear of your luck, and if that had been good he was glad. A most unusual type round a fishing camp! A man to console you! An individual immeasurably above these poor boobs of fishermen who imagine they had the best of you!

Rounddelay had only one bad habit so far as I could see. He liked to bathe, and naturally in the day time. Now, inasmuch as the brigade was strung along the beach for miles, Rounddelay could not very well keep out of their sight, so he usually went in bathing somewhere along in front of the cottages. As he certainly never went very close to any of the bonefishermen, I never could understand their ferocity until Loosfish let fall an illuminating remark. "When Fatty goes in swimmin' low tide rises to flood, an' the bonefish beat it!"

It would never do for me to forget Rushenwait, the funniest member of the brigade. He was a great talker, and that was one reason why the brigade made him fish by himself. I took advantage of his weakness and asked him how to catch bonefish. He told me. And I was soon in a state of mental aberration. But I always believed I profited by his concluding remarks, "Den you set dere an' waid for a bide which when it comes you doon know only by de feel an' you must jerg ver queeck."

Crownshanks was scarcely a member of this historic aggregation, yet it is necessary to mention him because he was always there, always on the beach, omnipresent. His forte was walking along the beach. He had very long legs and he could use them; and as a walker along the shore and a collector of trash cast up by the sea he had only one peer, and that was myself.

The tragedy of Crownshanks was that he would assuredly have been a great bonefisherman but for an unfortunate accident upon his very first trial at this tremendous game. Unwittingly he put on two hooks and two baits and cast them out. Strange to relate he had two bites and hooked two bonefish. At the same time on the one line! Now one bonefish is quite master of most any situation. But two husky bonefish at once! I hesitate to express myself. The two Crownshanks hooked ran off as is the unkind disposition of this species, and they split round a snag of mangrove. That is to say one bonefish went one way and the other went another way. Yet, but, nevertheless, and marvelously, Crownshanks caught those two bonefish. It ruined his career. As I stated he might have been great. But this was too much. He never went bonefishing again. He would listen to the woes and exultings of the brigade, but he could never again see that any of them had hopes of mastering the intricacies of bonefishing. Crownshanks might have had a career. But he became only the best tarpon and sailfish catcher of his day—always releasing his fish alive. To be sure this is no distinction as compared to what he might have become in the bonefish world, but it will serve to show that he was not altogether an utter failure.

In passing I must mention one of Crownshanks' gifts. It amounted to genius. It was a most fascinating thing to watch. He always had a cigarette in his mouth—no, not exactly that, for the end of the cigarette was pasted on the under edge of his left central incisor tooth. It hung there. It performed miraculous feats. It never fell. That was the mystery to me. Crownshanks never smoked it, that was sure. I do not know whether he ever had more than one cigarette or not, but he did not need more. Now this genial and intellectual gentleman would discourse with you for hours on any subject, though he preferred fishology, and he was equally well versed in business, politics, religion, literature, socialism, metaphysics, psychology, psycho-analysis, altruism and prize-fighting. But I was always so bewitched and bewildered by the sight of his everlasting cigarette—by my irresistible gamble on whether it would stick there longer or not—that I could never concentrate on what he was talking about.

Well, the years went by, and R. C. and I, by dint of dogged persistence and boyish enthusiasm, and development of skill, at length mastered the mystery of bonefishing.

I have never been able to tell why it seems the fullest, the most difficult, the strangest and most thrilling, the lonesomest and most all-satisfying of all kinds of angling. Many salmon fishermen claim that to take the silver king of the Restigouche on the fly is the highest type and greatest of all fishing. Many make this claim for the wonderful steel-head of Oregon and Washington. But bonefishing has all the finesse, the delicacy, the skill, the incomprehensible vagaries, the test of endurance that salmon fishing has. And more! For in bonefishing there is infinitely more of a regurgitation to boyish emotions than salmon fishing ever gives. Perhaps that is the secret.

Every winter R. C. and I went back to Long Key, to grow more and more like members of the Bonefish Brigade, which I think was a happy and profitable development for us.

Then owing to outdoor interests in California we missed going to Long Key for several years. In February, 1922, I went back to renew the unforgotten associations that had haunted me, and I took my friend Lone Angler Wiborn with me. He was famous for a good deal more than his feat of taking tuna and marlin swordfish without the help of boatman or engineer. Wiborn was an expert with fly, and all kinds of light tackle. Needless to say I had lauded bonefish to the skies, and I anticipated more fun and sport than I had ever had before. I had them, but not quite as anticipated.

The Bonefish Brigade appeared on schedule time, and I was reminded of the passing years. They were the same in spirit, but the wear of labor and the pallor of the city were upon them. So imperceptibly we pass on through life. It is a blessing that lonely places and sunshine and fishing can restore some semblance of our earlier and more youthful selves.

Fishermanz lay all that first day in his camp-chair, his pale face up to the sun, with a slow smile of contentment stealing away the shadows. Bumfellar had grown thinner and Rounddelay had grown thicker. Both had been ill. Long Key was a haven of rest. Rushenwait rushed around to show his new tackle to everybody and to talk. He fished out a photograph of me taken ten years before, posing ridiculously with a queer fish called African Pompano. Crownshanks started out at once to walk with the same old inevitable cigarette pasted to his tooth. Then there were new members of the brigade, one of whom was a little spider-shaped man, with the look of a fish-hawk. I knew he would catch fish, and I could not see why they had to fetch him along.

We began to fish, and things happened. I cannot chronicle in this story the extraordinary exhibitions

given by my friend Lone Angler. I must reserve them for separate and more space. And I will leave to him and R. C. the pleasant task of retaliating.

There appeared to be an unusual number of bonefish on the shoals and some larger than we had ever caught. I caught several running up to eight pounds, which was an unprecedented performance for me, and made me exultant. What it did to Fishermanz and his crew I am too generous to state. Then that dark horse Thompsonias appeared in a one-piece bathing suit. He looked like a California bathing girl minus the shape. He was a long-legged spider wearing an abbreviated union suit and a pair of sneakers. Every morning this Thompsonias appeared in this rig, and carrying tackle and bag he would disappear up the beach, to return at sunset with at least two bonefish. Sometimes more!

This fellow got on my nerves. I could not fish for worrying about him. I think he had a seine hidden up the beach. He was Fishermanz's bosom friend and I expected Fishermanz to murder him. The way he brought bonefish back to camp was uncanny. I think he never took off that bathing suit. His spider shape changed from white to red and from red to brown. I tried to keep track of him, but as I was afraid to ride in the hydroplanes I had to give that up. As a pedestrian he was in a class by himself. We did not mind that or how long he absented himself from camp. What hurt us was the inconsiderate way he packed bonefish back until in two weeks he had thirty-four. This was heart-rending. But fortunately they were all small, and we knew he was slaving to catch one to beat our record of nine pounds.

Next, to our dismay, there appeared on the scene a newcomer by the name of Lucky Stickem. He had been felicitously named. Of all the lucky fishermen I ever had the bad luck to meet Stickem was the luckiest. He frankly said that he only fished for exercise, as the fact of fish crawling out and lying down at his feet made it needless for him to work hard. As a matter of fact I never saw him even exercise. By profession he was a fine artist and by disposition a splendid fellow. But I could only appreciate his sterling qualities by approaching him when he was not fishing.

For tackle he had a dinky little bass rod and reel, and a few hundred feet of long-used number six line. When I saw this outfit I felt relieved, because it would be funny what a bonefish would do to that.

I got back one night to be almost overwhelmed by the stunning fact that Stickem had caught two bonefish weighing respectively nine pounds and a quarter, and eight three-quarters. He had been seen fighting them—running around in the shallow water, tearing here and there as a fish took line—in a most undignified manner. But he caught them! I knew Fishermanz was ill that night.

Stickem wore his honors easily, as if he had not done much. And he had the effrontery and unmitigated audacity and the magnificent sportsmanship to tell us he had used a new bait. There was none of our kind of bait, and so he had caught common blue crabs, cut them in half, torn off one side of shell, and stuck a half on his hook. All we had considered blue crabs good for was to pinch. Stickem revolutionized our bait problem and utterly ruined a perfectly good illusion. Next day everybody except myself took to hunting for blue crabs.

Three days later Lone Angler and I were in my canoe anchored on the coral shoal at the upper end of Long Key—my favorite place for bonefishing. It was a lonely spot, gray shoal near at hand, green sea leading out to blue water, long lines of cocoanut palms leaning with the wind, white strip of coral beach, and the dense wall of mangroves.

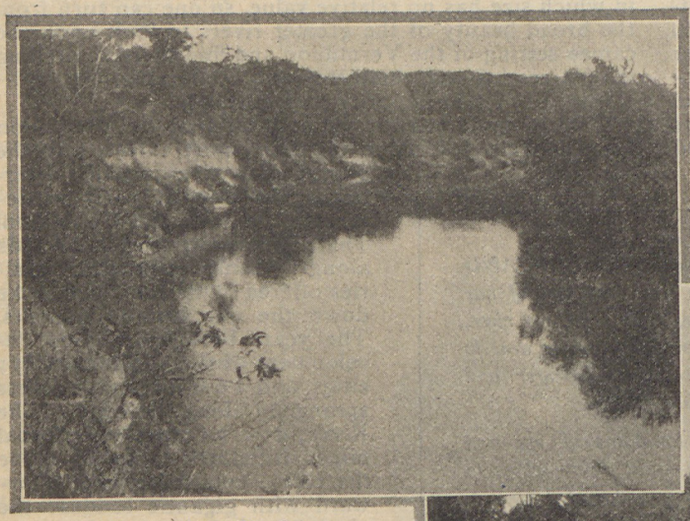
Zane Grey with his record bonefish.

The beautiful lonely shore line of Long Key.

gave up their life; the wild animals along the shore moved farther inland; not because of an invasion of human beings, but because the waters of their river had been poisoned.

For years the Vermillion had stood as proof of the fact that the waters of the earth were created to be wholesome: man has brought about their pollution and destruction.

Tragedy was written across the surface of the Vermillion in the terms of industrial development of the country; and out of the North came tragedy for the waters of the Illinois—once equal to those of the Columbia River; they too were thrown into a state of filth and rottenness by the cities along its shores. The pollution of the Illinois is creeping down stream at the rate of several miles a year; in its wake is a revolting odor—that is all. The "death line" passed the mouth of the Vermillion; and its deep pools, last places of escape, gave up the last of the black bass that had been driven down stream by the sulphur waters and the sewage of the inland mines and towns. Those who had fished the Vermillion packed their kits and turned toward other streams, many of them miles away; very much like the man who sold his own beautiful land to travel the world over in search of diamonds—not knowing that the greatest of them all was buried in the soil of the land from which he had journeyed.

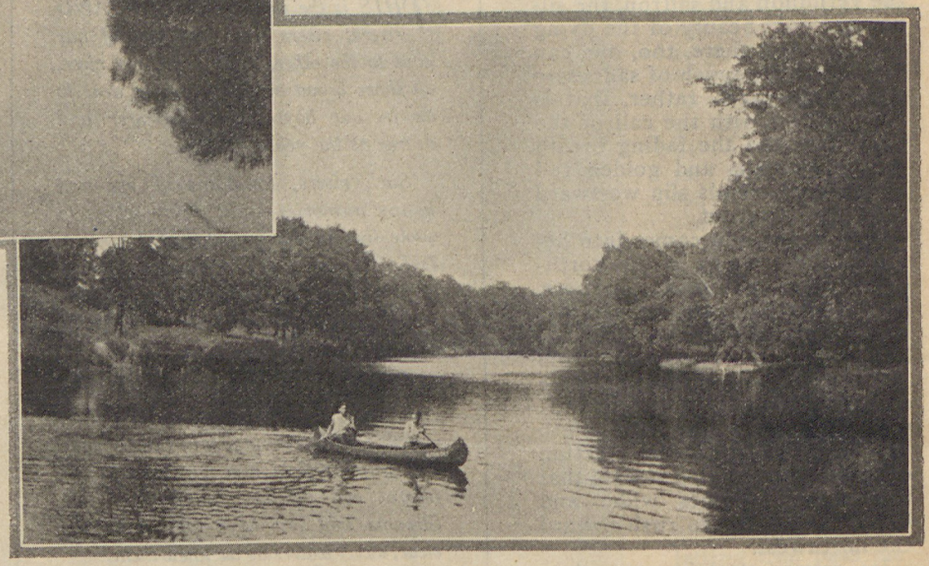


Home of the Big Ones

There was little hope, and, after all, people made few complaints: one must think of cities and industries first and of the river last; and if one is to thrive at the expense of the other, why the sacrifice must be made.

Came a time, though—only a few years ago—when a spark of hope suddenly sprang into being. It was seen and nurtured. Many of the mines "played out" and were closed down; the "workings" were left to the mercy of the sulphur water that had been pumped into the Vermillion, so a part of that menace was removed. A number of the hamlets and villages that had contributed to the daily pollution of the river with sewage, dwindled and decayed and became almost people-less; and one of the cities, one of the big contributors to the program of pollution, installed a sewage disposal plant. And the biggest city along the Vermillion—that empties between two and a half and three million gallons of sewage into the stream each day, is now planning on the installation of a comprehensive sewer system that will eventually include a sewage-disposal plant. Then the greatest menace to the Vermillion—a menace that can be traced in its waters for miles down stream—will have been removed. And that path of filth leads over ideal spawning beds where the black bass can thrive if they are only given a chance.

With the big reduction in the pollution of its waters, the Vermillion gave signs of "coming back" and people along its shores looked upon the waters with a new interest. But the River, three or four years ago, was barren of fish compared to the catches obtained in other streams. Many doubted that the River could "come back" as a fishing stream. But the doubt was ill-founded. Season by season, the evidence of the presence of game fish becomes stronger; and, not long ago, one could truthfully say that he had had "a good day of it." The revival of life in the waters of the river, and the revival of interest on the part of anglers brought a new menace to the Vermillion: there was no closed season; spring months found the spawning-beds invaded, trampled and torn to pieces; the bass were taken without regard to size; the spawn was destroyed. Yet against this, the bass of the Vermillion struggled for existence—and they give signs of winning out. The invasion of the spawning beds ran hand in hand with another menace: up in the low waters, far above the cities where the woods are the thickest and where the game warden seldom goes, the big nets made their appearances. They wrought havoc in the pockets on the bends and in the pools above the riffles. Several arrests were made, and several fines were imposed, but early morning anglers can still see traces of the illegal fishing that has been done at night and there are cautious calls, at times, for "big nets" at the sporting goods stores; but these calls are vain ones.



A Tiny Stream of Untiring Charm

Through individual effort—and at individual expense—several small consignments of fish were obtained from the fish hatchery of the state and placed in the Vermillion. But the individual effort, and the individual expense could hardly cope with the combined strength of the various agencies that were striking, season after season, at the death of the new hope for the Vermillion The interest of the public towards the stream was an apathetic one. Those who could afford it went to the northern waters for their sport.

A few, however, refused to give up hope. They saw that the new possibilities of the Vermillion could be developed even to the extent of their most far-fetched dreams. So they stayed by the Vermillion and they suffered the disappointment of fishless fishing excursions and out of the disappointments they kindled the fires of new plans for the river. They met, and they talked; they debated and they planned—always the same question to be answered: "what shall we do?"

The group saw that the salvation of the Vermillion could be reached only through a program of action; a program that would include: a closed season, for the protection of the spawning fish and the spawn; enforcement of a minimum size and a maximum "catch" law; the stocking of the stream with bass, pike, crappies, sun fish; proper protection for the stream; vigorous prosecution of the violators—especially the net fishers; a campaign against pollution. With the realization of the magnitude of such an undertaking, there came fresh disappointment—for neither one man, nor ten, nor a hundred could bring such an order of things to pass. Power was needed behind such a program—where could the power be found?

And at last the small group found it. Out of Chicago, that has taken steps, through legislative action, to eliminate its sewage from the Illinois River, came news of the new sportsmen's organization—The Izaak Walton League of America, with city chapters, county chapters, state organizations—all culminating in a national organization that has, as its cause of existence, a nation-wide program of conservation. The small group on the bank of the Vermillion watched with interest the growth of the new movement; and some expressed the fear that it might be too big to stop and pick up chapters along the tiny river. The membership of the Izaak Walton League of America grew into the thousands—and from all parts of the country came reports of what the chapters were doing.

"Why were these thousands of sportsmen from all walks of life, from all parts of the country, rushing into the new organization?" members of the group asked themselves. And in the same breath, almost, came the answer: because all over the country are streams just like the Vermillion—that need a program; because all over the country are thousands of sportsmen who feel just like the people along the Vermillion feel about pollution, trammel nets, open seasons and lax officials.

A River of Graceful Curves

It was then that the men of the Vermillion caught a glimmering of the real value of the new organization—of the Power—the power for which they had been searching—that they could command.

"We must join!" they exclaimed.

And they did; and dozens of others. In two weeks an Izaak Walton League Chapter was brought into being here at Streator, in the city that pours several millions of gallons of sewage into the Vermillion each day. The original membership of two hundred was swelled to three hundred within two weeks after the presentation of the charter. Within two more months it will go beyond the five hundred mark. And while the movement is traveling by leaps and bounds here, a Chapter has been organized at La Salle, near the mouth of the Vermillion, and others in neighboring cities.

The success of the Izaak Walton League movement here is amazing—it has revealed the fact that hundreds of anglers have for years nurtured the same thoughts and dreams about the Vermillion and its possibilities. These anglers are talking now with an eagerness and determination that can not be subdued, and which has, in a collective form, impressed the entire community, and the public officials, with a desire to assist in the movement.

The spark of hope, nurtured for years, has finally burst into a flame—and the anglers along the Vermillion are not going to permit it to be snuffed out again. They are eager to carry out not only the program for the Vermillion River, but to assist in the state and national movements of the League; they are going to take part in the campaign against pollution of streams not as individuals, but as the Streator Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. The Chapter wants to help in bringing about a closed season on bass fishing in Illinois; it wants better protection for the fishing streams—not one or two paid wardens for the community, but a number from its own membership. It is going to stock the Vermillion—in fact the start has been made, as, three or four weeks ago, half a carload of black bass fingerlings were placed in the stream in the best of its waters, above the waterworks dam; and a carload of wall-eyed pike is to be sent down within the next couple of weeks. Assemblymen have become interested in the movement—and they are cooperating with the Chapter in bringing about better fishing conditions for the River; and will carry on their cooperation in the next session of the General Assembly.

The new organization—The Izaak Walton League Chapter—brought this about because it speaks for the river in a voice that will be HEARD. And within a few years, when the Vermillion and the fish have been given a chance, some of the pleasures of life that are tucked away in a pool will have returned—and all the wonder and art that lies nestled in the frail tip of a fly rod will come back after years of banishment. Then, and not until then, will the task of the Izaak Walton League be completed. A lot to do, yes; but the way to do it has been opened with a clearness of purpose and a path of action that one cannot resist.

That is why we feel that, in reality, our river is the Vermillion no more, for that name brings back memories of the stained waters. Rather: "The Little River of Future Hopes."

THE RAPE OF THE RIVER Because of hundreds of requests we shall reprint in the January issue this classic poem of unsurpassed beauty and appalling truth. **By ROBERT H. DAVIS**

Pollution

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

SOME time ago the Conservation Commission of the State of New York invited Dr. Henry B. Ward, of the University of Illinois, to make a thorough investigation and a careful Biological survey of the streams of that state to determine the extent of pollution existing, and its effect on food and game-fishes.

Dr. Ward's researches and conclusions were embodied in an exhaustive paper which he read before the American Fisheries Society. His remarks on pollution in general, and its effects on life beneath the waters are so apt, cogent and convincing, and are stated with so much clarity and conviction, that for the information of our readers I gladly quote a paragraph, here and there, that bears more directly on the conservation of fish. Among other things he said:

"THE importance of the problem of stream pollution may be judged from a recent statement by one of the members of the U. S. Food Administration, charged with the responsibility for fish foods and their distribution, who said that among all the suggestions which had been made from all the states of the Union with reference to the improvement of the fisheries and the increase in the product, more than sixty per cent of them dealt with stream pollution. I hardly need tell you that in recent times stream pollution has enormously increased. There are some features of the situation that all understand. The effect of waste is related rather directly to the proportion of its amount and the flow of the stream, or the volume of the body of water which is disturbed. If you throw into Lake Erie a teacupful of prussic acid, which no one fails to recognize as a most violent poison, it might be difficult to detect the influence at once, and surely a short time after the occurrence there would be no trace of the effect. Multiply the contamination by a hundred or a thousand and the effects become conspicuous. So it has been with stream pollution. When the land was young and the population scattered, anything could be done without serious results. Starting from that beginning, a small factory or a little mill on a stream, we have come to the point today where large mills and tremendous factories line the banks of streams, and while the individual contribution seems to have but little effect, the total contribution has very great influence. That has introduced into these situations an element which must be kept in mind. At the start of our development the little factory was permitted to establish itself. It has acquired by virtue of that permission a certain sort of a right. If at the present day we were to introduce a law, or enforce a law, in such measure as to stop all industry, we should do ourselves, the cause we advocate, and the end for which we are striving, incalculable harm. I think that no fair-minded man really looks for a solution of the question which would endeavor to introduce and enforce immediately a radical policy of suppression.

"IN order to attack the difficulty properly it is necessary for us to consider the essential factors which are concerned in it. The situation is complex and not readily seen. If we go out to study the conditions on land, we see them with our own eyes. As we look at water its surface mirrors the beauty of the surroundings, but hides some of the conditions beneath, and it requires a very marked change in the character of the stream and the life in it to bring about such conditions that they appeal to us, to our eyes, as departing from natural conditions, and as affording limitations or resistance upon the development of aquatic life; but the essentials of existence under the water are the same as prevail on the land. A land animal requires oxygen, must be able to breathe and it requires food. You shut it off from a supply of fresh oxygen, and it dies. You eliminate the food, and the animals are driven away or perish. Precisely the same conditions prevail under the surface of the water. If any factors reduce beyond a reasonable limit the supply of oxygen, the organisms that live in the water will be smothered. If any conditions drive away or destroy the food, the animals that depend on that food will migrate or starve to death.

"NOW then, the mere presence or movement of fish in any water is not necessarily indicative of the quality of that water. The second thing, of course, to which your attention must be called, is that different kinds of fish are very different in their susceptibility to impure water. From recently published experiments and tables it may be seen that the bullhead, for example, has a power of resistance or an indifference to polluted conditions which as compared to a minnow will be as forty-five to one, so great is the difference between these two kinds of fish. But now as to a new test: the right measure of the condition of a piece of water is to be determined, not by experimenting with that water on fish, but by observing the sum total of the living conditions in the water, and those living conditions may be determined by the examination and enumeration of the organisms that are to be found there.

"NOW what about the food question? If the food is driven away from the water, if food is killed off, the fish will disappear; they will either be driven away or starved out, and there is no possible alternative in the situation. Hence the simplest test in the world is to examine the waters so as to determine the existence of all those organisms that are characteristic of pure, free water. It gives an unanswerable argument, incontrovertible evidence, in establishing the pollution of the stream; you have evidence not only that the existence of fish has been interfered with, but that if the fish were restored to the stream they would not find at the present time proper conditions for their existence there.

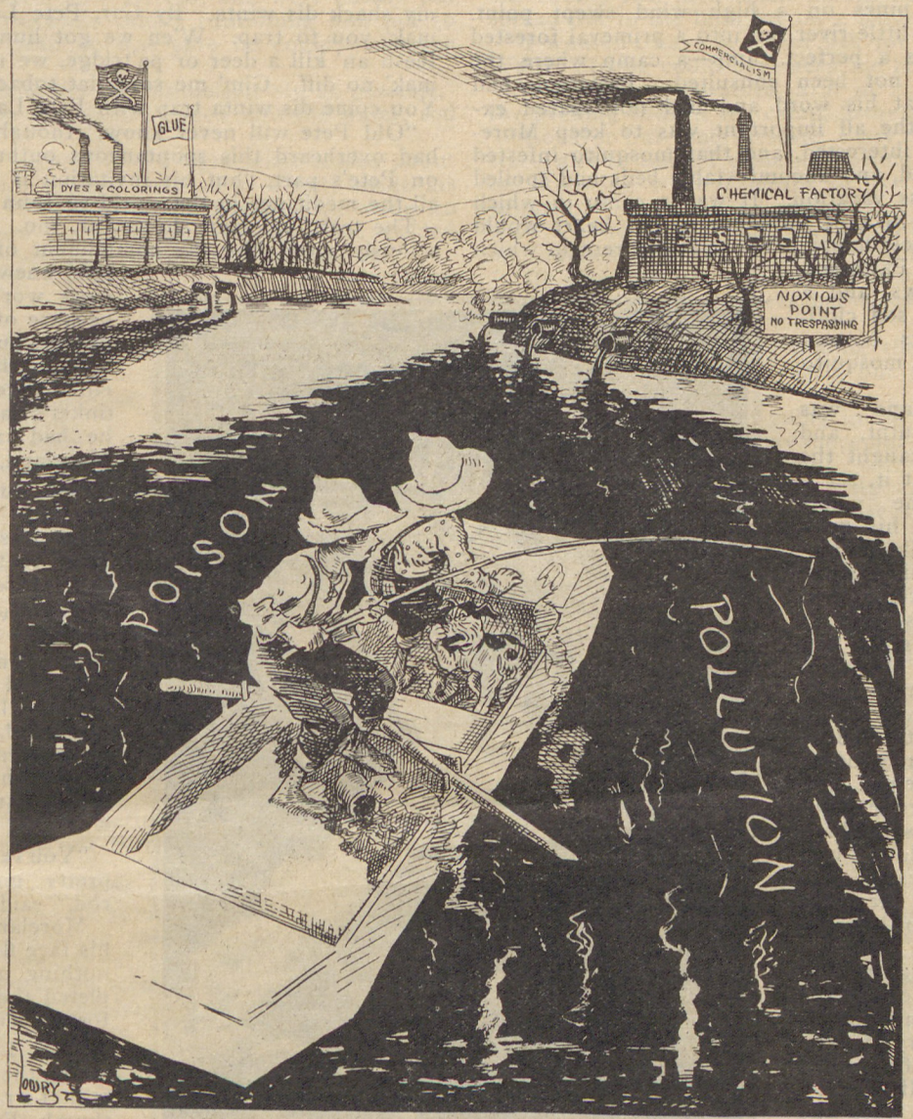
"At various points in the country we are raising very considerable quantities of young fish. Those fish represent money. Each can of fry or fingerlings is a definite sum that the people of the state or the nation have put into this means for the replenishment of the water. And of what value is it, gentlemen, to pour fish into the stream where an examination of the conditions reveals the impossibility for the continued existence of such organisms. I have hardly any need to remind you that it is the young fish which are, of all, the most sensitive. I hardly need mention that polluted conditions are slow in finding a recovery. A stream which has been visited with an acid bath, or soured with a strong alkali, one in which all the life has been wiped out by a poison, such as prussic acid, takes many months, if not years, for its recovery, and it behooves us to establish such conditions that the initial destruction of life cannot take place."

CONDITIONS IN OHIO.—Under the auspices of the Ohio Bureau of Fish and Game Dr. Raymond C. Osburn, of the Ohio State University, with several colleagues, made a biological survey of the streams and lakes of Ohio a year or two ago. An exhaustive paper giving the results of the investigation was read by Dr. Osburn at a meeting of the American Fisheries Society, from which the following paragraphs, pertinent to this

department, are quoted: "Like most other states, Ohio has suffered by the removal of her forest growth from the hills, with the result that we have higher freshets than formerly, and lower water in periods of drought. Smaller streams that once afforded good fishing are now, in some cases, contaminated and practically barren.

POLLUTION, too, has played its part in the reduction of game-fish, though Ohio is not as badly off as some other states. Only one lake in the state is now known to be badly polluted, namely, Sunnit Lake, which is nearly surrounded by the city of Akron and which, in addition to some sewage, receives chemical wastes from a large salt works in the city. Twenty years ago this lake was teeming with good game-fish. In the streams all sorts of conditions are found. An occasional river is so polluted that it is absolutely devoid of all life. In other waters the game-fish are entirely wanting or they are few in number or in bad condition, with only a few hardier kinds, such as the catfish, present.

THE RIVER



Does the ghost of the boy you used to be
Play hookey, now and then;
And with his dog and a comrade, sneak
Back to the river again?

With a warped cane pole and a can of worms,
Does he seek familiar shores;
And paddle a leaky boat up stream,
In the lea of the sycamores?

Ah yes, but the river seems not the same,
As the river the ghost boys knew;
For on one bank stands a chemical works
While on t' other—they're making glue.

EVERETT E. LOWRY

"SOME of our streams have been satisfactorily cleared of pollution. Thus the Licking River from Newark to Zanesville, a distance of 25 miles, was polluted a few years ago until everything in it was destroyed. A large glass manufacturing plant which caused the damage was made to take care of its chemical wastes, and one of the finest bass streams in the state is being restored. Restocking was necessary of course. An examination of it by our party this summer showed that while conditions are not yet quite normal, the hatch of young game-fish is excellent and within a couple of years the effects of pollution may no longer be noticeable. With the perfection of our new method of controlling pollution, it is hoped that the state may rapidly proceed with its clean-up campaign. Otherwise it is only a question of a few years until there will be little angling in our streams."

FIGHTING POLLUTION IN OHIO.—At a recent meeting of the American Fisheries Society Mr. John T. Travers, Supt. of Streams, Ohio Fish and Game Commission, gave a demonstration of his method of dealing with organic matter from waters polluted by the waste and offal from certain plants and factories. His method, which seems to me to be an excellent and a reasonable one, is to employ clay marl for eliminating this waste by precipitation, an inexpensive but efficient agent for the purpose, whereby the polluted water is left comparatively clear and devoid of taste and smell. He said:

"IN my efforts to find something to cheapen the treatment of trade waste, and not work a hardship on the manufacturer, I found a clay marl deposit on the Kibber farm, near Circleville, Ohio, of which I could use from seventy-five to ninety-five per cent and get better results than I could get from any other chemical. This marl used in combination with any of the well known agents for coagulation will, when applied to any organic pollution, cause a very rapid precipitation of all organic solids out of the water to the bottom of a tank or vat. It renders the water very clear, and where such water flows into a stream the fish will live and do well in it. I also found that water, treated by this process, will not ferment afterwards, or have any odor to it, indicating that everything of a harmful nature is removed from the water. This same marl will also neutralize an acid pollution and make it harmless."

Mr. Travers then proceeded to demonstrate the effect of the marl on polluted water from various industrial plants, of which he had samples, such as that from coal mines, steel mills, canning factories, creameries, leather and strawboard factories, and sewage. The experiments were successful and convincing, as evidenced by the discussion of the subject by members of the Society. The virtue of the marl is, possibly, dependent on the

(Continued on page 182)

John Moreland—Fisherman

By WILL H. DILG

Illustrated by R. Fayerweather Babcock

JOHN MORELAND'S camp was ideally located amidst the pines on a high wind swept point. Here a swift little river ran into a primeval forested lake. It was a perfect camp—a camp where the pocket-book had not been consulted. Patterson had taken Moreland at his word and had not spared expense—he knew the all important was to keep Moreland pleased and interested, and that mosquito infested tents and wet, cold, and uncomfortable beds had spoiled many a wilderness vacation. It was a camp in which a woman with a love of outdoors in her heart would have been supremely happy. The spacious tent in which Moreland and Patterson slept had windows, and a floor of the best sod cloth was sewed to its bottom walls and it was mosquito proof.

Plainly Moreland was proud of the outfit, and Patterson often caught the old man gazing at it, satisfaction with the whole world shining in his eyes. This was especially noticeable in the evening when they returned after a successful day on stream or lake, the big woods and camp life were to Moreland an unending source of interest and the ways and means for man to live in God's open Country never tired him. It seemed that after all this stern captain of industry had something of the gypsy hidden away back in his ancestry, perhaps it may have been that fishing old uncle of his boyhood.

Moreland delighted to putter about the camp, and took especial interest in the camp culinary department. Pete Lafitte, half French and half Indian, was camp cook. Pete and Moreland were about of an age, and the half breed was in his way as much of a character as was Moreland, and quite as much of a tyrant. Moreland never missed a chance to watch Pete dress and skin a fish, a performance at which he was an artist. Pete demanded plenty of elbow room about his camp kitchen and at first did not admire the constant attendance of Moreland, especially when he clumsily got in his way or disturbed something on the fire. The two old men soon, however, grew to understand and like each other.

A Music Maker close to Moreland's Camp.

"You like-a dem beeg city—no? You come go long o' me dis winta an' trap. You choke in dem beeg city. I go once my cousin Montreal. I say—stay two week—by Gar, I mos' choke. I arriv' one morning—I mos' choke in dem beeg city. I say—my cousin—"When nex' train leave for beeg woods, I take heem."

"I don't know how to trap and live in the woods, all this is new to me. I've never fished and hunted before this summer," said Moreland.

"By Gar, I see dat—dat mak' no diff. You com' live my shack dis winta. By Gar, Pete Lafitte he trap and mak' you to trap. W'en we got hunger—we catch de feesh an' kill a deer or pa'tridge, we no go hunger. It mak' no diff. Gim' me som' dat tobac—it mak' no diff. You come dis winta trap with Pete Lafitte."

"Old Pete will never know," thought Patterson, who had overheard this spontaneous outburst of friendship on Pete's part, "but his invitation is worth more than all the medicines in the world to John Moreland."

The testy old man showed it, too. Pete had unconsciously given him the compliment of his life. Moreland knew that in the business world he was feared because of the might of his money, but here in the wilderness things were different. Pete did not give a tinker's dam for money—yet he had invited him, John Moreland, to trap with him

"He must really like me," thought Moreland, and there was a feeling in his heart that had never been there before.

One evening Patterson, returning from the trail with an Indian guide, found Moreland practicing bait casting close to the camp. Moreland, concentrated as he was, had no thought of an audience and was doing more than ordinarily good work.

"You're getting to be pretty good with a bait rod," said Patterson.

Moreland glanced up and his face flushed, but he said nothing until he had completed the next cast, which fortunately was a beauty.

"Yes, I think I'm getting on to the trick of it, but I still forget to use my thumb. Fair bass over there in the grass," said Moreland, attempting indifference, and pointing his finger to the right.

Patterson walked over and said, "I should say it is a fair bass—it will go over three pounds easily. You're getting to be the real thing."

"The mate of that bass is just below about a hundred rods. He rose to my spinner but struck short and missed it. I tried to raise him again, but that one rise was all I could get. Thought I'd give him a rest for half an hour or so."

"Just the right thing to do—my, but you are getting to be the real thing," said Patterson, admiringly, and there was a real ring of truth in his voice.

"I told you I was going to learn to be a real fisherman, and I meant it. I know I have lots to learn, but I'm trying all the time and keeping everlastingly at it, which brings success, as you say," said Moreland.

They soon arrived at the mouth of the little river and Moreland showed where the big bass held forth.

"Too long a cast from shore," said Patterson. "Better send Jim here after your waders and then wade out as far as your boots will permit before you make the cast."

"There, he's on the feed again! My, what a whopper!" said Patterson, in half suppressed excitement, as a mighty bass foamed up the water as he struck at a passing school of minnows from his haven in easy water just alongside a half sunken log wedged into the high bank across stream.

Moreland's waders now arrived, and were hastily put on, Patterson meanwhile calmly cautioning him not to attempt to cast until he was sure he could make the distance.

"Now, wade carefully and as noiselessly as possible," said Patterson, as Moreland stepped into the water, rod in hand.

Moreland was hatless, and a light wind tossed about the thin white hair on his head as he slowly made his way across the river. Patterson thought he made an interesting picture as he moved through the golden and rose tinted water aglow from the setting sun.

"I wonder what the office force of John Moreland, Inc., would think if they could see the old man now," thought Patterson.

After he was half across the stream, Moreland paused and looked back at his teacher. Was he close enough to tempt fortune by sending forth his spinner and pork bait?

"You can get fifteen feet closer, and work in more up stream!" shouted Patterson.

The old man followed directions, and when the water was close to the top of his waders, turned and looked back again at Patterson, as though asking for further directions.

"Try it from where you stand, and don't hurry, take your time, and don't forget to thumb your reel," half commanded Patterson.

Moreland took careful aim and shot out his lure and made as perfect a cast as could any master bait caster.

"Start her coming!" gleefully yelled Patterson.

There was a swirl in the water, the fish making a wide wake as it struck and missed.

"Reel slowly—let her sink a little," again yelled Patterson.

Moreland followed directions, and had hardly taken in six feet of line when there was another and fiercer swirl.

"I've got him!" roared Moreland, and as he said it a great small mouth madly sprang into the air in a smash of foam. With lightning speed the fish now took to the current and tore off yards of line as it rushed with express train speed down stream.

Patterson grabbed the landing net from an Indian, and dashed into the river, shoes and all, meanwhile shouting to Moreland:

"Give him line! Give him line!"

As Patterson approached Moreland he could hear him half whispering between set teeth:

"I wouldn't lose this fish for a million dollars—not—for—a million—dollars."

"Better wade into the shallow water to the left and get out beyond those treacherous weeds."

Unhesitatingly Moreland followed Patterson's advice, carefully keeping a tight line as he slowly waded to a shallow bar.

"Keep your fish out in the current as much as possible and I'll wade out into that deepish quiet water and have the net ready."

The sun was rapidly setting in a ball of red fire and the water red with its color. Every break the fish made added to the beauty of the scene. Patterson wished for a kodak.

The battle was long and bitter—the fish, a river bass, had muscles of steel and the heart and fighting powers of a gladiator of old, but slowly, very slowly—the rod and the almost perfect giving and taking of line wore him down until at last, half dead from the exhaustion of a full half hour's battle, the noble fish surrendered and was netted—just as the red ball sunk down beneath the darkening hills.

"My, what a bass," said Patterson. as he hefted it. "It will go five pounds or more," and then he let out a loud whoop of triumph which echoed and re-echoed among the pines.

Then he turned to Moreland—"I'm all in and as weak as a kitten, but as happy as a kid with a new pair of red topped boots. Give me your arm, Robert—that was some battle, and I'm trembling and jerky from my knees up. I want to sit on the bank for a bit and rest."

As Moreland rested, he pridefully looked at the splendid twenty-two inch small mouth bass which with tail spread out to the limit lay on a flat rock at his feet.

"I wouldn't have lost that fish for a fortune. I wish Walter Strong could have seen me handle that bass."

As they slowly walked, arm in arm, in the hush of the evening toward the camp, Moreland said:

"Look at our tents nestling there, Robert, among the trees, and to think I came near going to my grave without knowing what it meant to live out in God's own country."

Pete Lafitte had already been told by the Indian, who had hurried on ahead, of Moreland's big bass.

"By Gar, ole fren', you ketch tam beeg bass—let me congrat' you—dat tam beeg bass—beegest bass I see for many year!"

That night as they lay among their blankets, Moreland desperately fighting sleep, but determined to talk, said:

"Robert, my boy, I'm going in for the fly rod tomorrow." He attempted to say more but sleep enfolded him.

Two months had elapsed, and Moreland was a new man, and felt and looked it. Of course, his word was law in the camp, just as it was in all his business affairs. He was, however, less of a tyrant and daily his gruffness and temperish nature softened as his body hardened to the free and healthful life of the open. John Moreland, naturally strong, had a splendid physique. In his youth, he must have been powerful, often thought Patterson, as he watched the old man labor over arduous and difficult portages.

He was all possessed with the fishing fever, a tiger after the first taste of blood could not have been more ravenous.

At first he found it difficult to master the fly rod, and though he was slow in catching on to the trick of hooking his fish, he persevered with dogged determination and was untiring in his efforts. In time he was rewarded, and caught on to the knack of it all of a sudden just as he had with bait-casting.

Moreland and Patterson scoured the country for miles around, and they had need of their crew of Indians. The matter of cutting trails through the woods for miles to some lake or stream did not even hesitate Moreland.

Nearly three months had now elapsed and there was a hint of frost at night. Moreland was particularly anxious to take a big trout before they left for home. He had hooked several, but had been unlucky. This, however, only the more whetted his appetite to take a big fish.

Pete Lafitte came to him one night and said, "Meester Morlan', you wan' ketch beeg trouts. I know place. tirteen mile from here, where dey all beeg rainbow feesh—no one know dis place but Pete Lafitte. Ford car can no go dare—I show you— You wan' go, Meester Morlan'?"

Moreland wanted to know how Pete knew the trout were big. This, however, only made the old half-breed mad, and he said with a shrug:

"Mak' no diff to me—I show you where beeg trout—you no wan' go, mak' no diff—mak' no diff."

With the statement he thumped his chest with both his fists, turned on his heel and stalked off to his tent. There was a convincing finality about Pete which conveyed to Patterson that the old half-breed knew just what he was talking about. Patterson, however, chose to let the matter stew in Moreland's mind, fully believing that he would discuss it with him after they had turned in and lights were out.

Sure enough, Moreland opened up at once:

"What do you think of Pete's big trout story tonight?" he asked.

"I think Pete has the goods, beyond a doubt."

Think of it—this magazine—one year—one dollar

"So do I," said Moreland. "I'm going to start for it bright and early tomorrow morning. I wonder if our Indian ponies can't make the trip. Their little wagon will carry a tent or two, and enough duffle to make a temporary camp?"

The next morning Moreland was up just as soon as he heard Pete starting breakfast. Patterson smiled as he watched the old man jump into his clothes. He wasted no time and started in at once to wake up the whole camp. Then he announced in a loud voice so there could be no doubt of Pete's hearing, that he was going to try out his big rainbow stream.

"A-ha, A-Ha, ole fren', you tink betta go get dem beeg trouts. Well—she tam hard job to get to dat trouts wata'—mus' walk mos' de way—dat why she good—nobodie go dere. Dem trouts more two feet long," and he marked their length on the camp table.

"I feesh three year ago—nobodie feesh it but Pete Lafitte. I use trouts fin—I trow out—wham! he take dee hook—by Gar, dat trouts fight, but Pete get heem—you have good time my trouts wata', ol' fren', only he been tam tough trail."

The camp Indians were accustomed to sudden journeys into nearby waters, and like all Indians, their teamwork was splendid. In a jiffy the ponies were harnessed and hitched to the little farm wagon, tents and duffle loaded in, and the party started forth in high spirits, Pete Lafitte leading the way carrying a big pack. It was a tough trail, and often the Indians had to use their axes to clear the way for the wagon. Patterson thought of Albert Bigelow Paine's lines in "The Tent Dwellers:"

"Where the trail leads back from the water's edge,
tangled and overgrown, shoulder your load and strike
the road, into the deep unknown."

They stopped at noon for luncheon.

"By Gar, dat tea taste good. I tole you he tough trail. We half way—reach plenty time to put up tent before sun she go down. We al right—so she not rain."

Patterson could not help comparing the John Moreland of today with the man he brought into the North Woods.

Moreland and Patterson talked as they walked over the easy places.

"I have been thinking," he said, "that our country is fast becoming a fishless land."

"Plenty of fish here," said Moreland.

"Yes, I know, but think how far into the wilds of Canada we have had to come to get them. We Americans are a heedless and wasteful lot. The Supreme Creator of the Universe gave the American sportsman a paradise. Only a generation back we had more than a plenty of all kinds of game fishes, and, it seemed, an inexhaustible supply of wild fowl. Every type of four-footed animal inhabited our fields and forests. Today there is better fishing in England, France, Germany and Norway than we have in these United States, and our game supply is disappearing just as have the wild pigeon and buffalo. Something has got to be done to wake up the lover of outdoor America or soon even the fragments of our wild places will be gone forever."

"Now that you speak of it," said Moreland, "I heard old General Sanderson telling Walter Strong recently that after the Armistice his division was stationed in Germany and that he had better trout fishing there than he had had in the United States in ten years. I paid no attention to it then, but now that I've become a fisherman I'm interested."

"Yes," said Patterson, "it is high time for every man who loves this America of ours to wake up and do some-

(Continued on page 178)

"Moreland had lost every big trout he had hooked during three weeks."

To The Unknown God

Containing several hints to the rich men of America

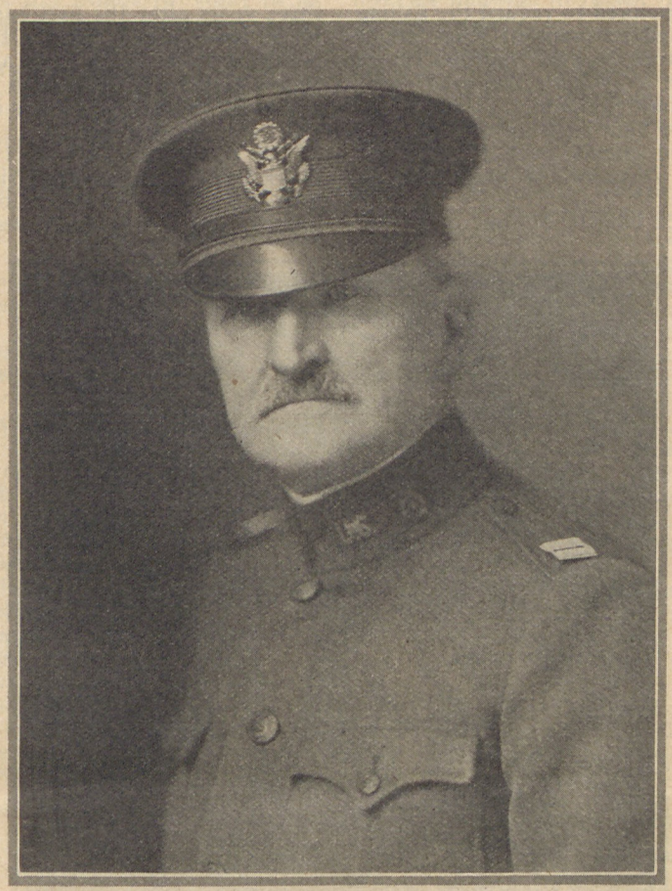
By

EMERSON HOUGH

OF an autumn day not long ago I stood on the steps of a public building in the city of Denver. It has no loftier name than The Colorado Museum of Natural History. It is more than a museum. It is an American milestone. It is a monument, a record, a lesson.

To the westward lay the splendid panorama of the Rockies, prematurely whitening, like America itself. The brilliant foliage of the middle distance was reflected prismatically in the nearby lagoons. Miles wide there lay one of the most marvelous landscapes to be seen in all America.

But within the gray walls lay a yet more marvelous panorama—that of America as it was a century ago. Arranged with superbly convincing cycloramic effect were countless groups of all the great game which once ranged yonder mountain chain—grizzlies, elk, moose, antelope, buffalo, big horns, mule deer, white goats, grey wolves, coyotte, wolverines, badgers, mink, beaver, marten—all the fauna of this continent, including the muskox, the polar bear and the northern caribou. Not one item of our former wild life was lacking. There is no museum in America which can compare with the exhibits of this one, which originally was intended perhaps merely for the glory of Denver, but whose founders builded better than they knew.



Emerson Hough, who for forty years has fought for Outdoor America.

Any boy or youth or man could learn more here, objectively, concretely, in geology, natural history, geography, than all the text-books ever could teach him. For instance, here was shown uncovered the mineral wealth of yonder mountain range—free gold in basketsful, silver in place, all the precious minerals and ores and crystals and gem stones; and, if one were not content with this, also there might be seen the bones and restorations of the pre-historic life of America. Yet, though we have no natural history museum in all the country to equal it, that is only a part of the great story which lies under and around this one.

The men of Athens had shrines to many Pagan deities. There was some influence which they felt but could not fathom. In a sort of shy reverence they erected an altar to The Unknown God. That was long before any Christian prophet had come among them.

Denver is relatively a young city. It is singular that in these busy material days of America she should have builded so well in this respect, even many years ago. The list of patrons who poured money into this institution numbers forty-eight in all, and today half of them are dead. Some of the men who gave their wealth in hundreds of thousands to this museum—one little room represents more than one-third of a million dollars from one family—in all likelihood did not know what they really were doing. Something moved them to make a record, to erect a monument for America. They made a votive offering to the Unknown God.

True, they might have used these millions for the making of yet more millions. Put out at interest, this western museum in the course of a few centuries would own all of the North American continent. It is worth more just as it is—erected to a divinity in whose eyes the centuries are but as days.

With that vague feeling that after all there was something in unselfishness, something in public spirit, something in patriotism, something in pride of country, something in the duty to tomorrow—these men, many of them successful oldtimers, not all of them possibly men of culture or of wide education, did this thing not for themselves, not even for their city or their state, but for America, and America's Unknown God. Probably they never analyzed it in precisely that way. Probably not all of them analyzed it at all. Perhaps many of them gave shyly. They all gave liberally, splendidly.

They gave indeed splendidly if their gift ultimately shall teach some of the hurrying money-makers of America that after all this century, or these three-score years and ten, represent no more than a day. We are erecting many shrines to the material gods, are exhausting the wealth of our splendid country as rapidly as may be for the building of yet other temples to gods of material gain. Is that all?

It was an autumn day. The landscape was marvelous. There lay the Rockies, prematurely white. No thoughtful man could stand there and not feel the hush of the evening and the whisper of hastening wings. Nor could any man evade the thought that the men who left this milestone for others to read countless years from now—covering the hundred years just past, and others yet to come—felt their own hands unconsciously guided when they built an altar to the Unknown God.

Well, they were no richer and no wiser than a hundred others who will read these lines.

Emerson Hough

Think of it—this magazine—one year—one dollar

Plant a Bass

By B. F. WILDER

Photograph By B. L. Brown, St. Paul, Minn.

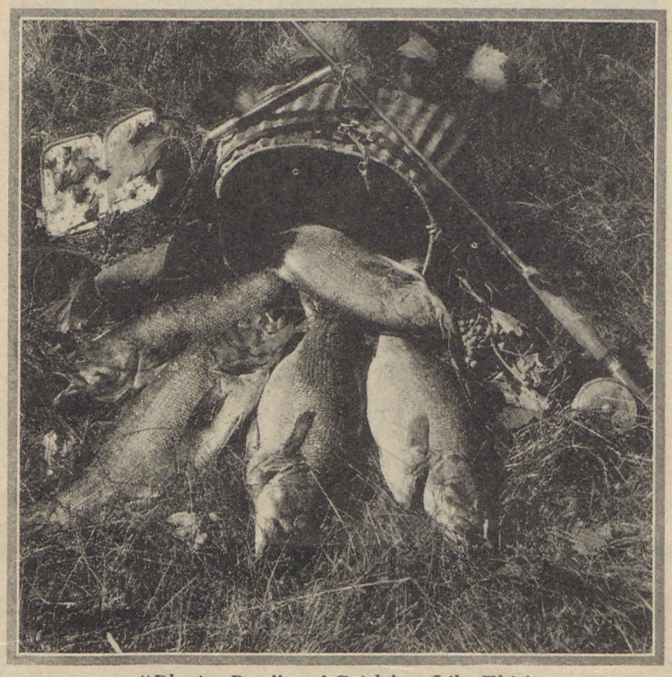
Showing What Has Been Done in Maine

WE anglers are inclined to imagine that in bygone days all waters swarmed with fish. We are apt to contrast that picture of the past with the sport of the present, to the disparagement of the latter. We are inclined to regard the fishing we now have as but a wasted remnant of what might have been a glorious inheritance, to look upon its future as hopeless, and so to adopt a "What's the use?" attitude toward efforts for its improvement. To show the error of that picture, to show that such an attitude is a mistake, to show that reward attends even the smallest of beginnings, I sketch the story of the black bass in Maine.

In 1868 there were no black bass in Maine.

That item demands a paragraph to itself. Think of it! Not one black bass in the waters of the entire State, the State whose bass fishing now rivals any to be had in this country! Not much wasted inheritance in that, is there? And how that picture of the swarming waters fades!

Had Maine's anglers viewed conditions from a "What's the use?" standpoint, the State would have no bass now; but they knew that the gods help those who help themselves, and instead of lamenting that their ancestors had done but little for them they went to work. Little was known of bass breeding, the price of brood bass was almost prohibitive, and it is likely that prejudice, or at least indifference, existed against the introduction of black bass in Maine waters. But, as always happens, difficulties vanished before determination, and within ten years those old-time sportsmen had at least fair bass fishing at their very doors.



"Plant a Bass" and Catch 'em Like This!

That prejudice existed is suggested by some of the Commissioners' reports, one of which states that although they (the Commissioners) have obtained some information, it is their opinion that the bass should not be introduced in Maine waters without the approval of some competent authority. Another report closes with the remark: "We do not regard the distribution of new varieties of fresh water fish as of much importance to a State possessed of such singular wealth in her trout and landlocked salmon as is Maine." But if prejudice existed, it was overcome, for in August, 1869, Cobbosseecontee Lake and Cochnewagon Pond were stocked with small-mouth black bass at the expense of The Oquossoc Angling Association, the fish being furnished by a Mr. Brown from his private ponds at Newburg, N. Y. How many were planted is unknown. Probably very few, for an estimate of about that date for a similar job quotes live bass, delivered in Maine, at five dollars apiece.

Later in 1869, thirty-four small-mouth bass were brought from Newburg, N. Y., at the expense of the State, and planted in Duck Pond, near Portland. Still later, in the same year, a larger lot were delivered at Bangor by Mr. E. S. Woodford, of West Winsted, Conn. These were planted in Fitts Pond, Newport Pond and a few sent to Phillips. (It might be well to say here that the word "pond" as used in Maine does not mean exactly what it does elsewhere. Some of Maine's ponds are six or eight miles long and proportionately wide.)

And now Maine was in a position to supply her own needs. The Fish Commissioners' report for 1872, only three years after the first bass were planted, says: "The black bass turned into Fitts Pond, Phillips Pond and Newport Pond three years ago by Mr. Atkins have multiplied largely, and we shall be able to draft from those nurseries to such waters as it is advisable to stock with them this coming year."

The report for 1874 says: "In the autumn of 1869, Duck Pond in Falmouth, Phillips Pond in Dedham, Newport Pond in Newport, Cochnewagon Pond in Monmouth, and Cobbosseecontee Pond in Winthrop, were stocked with black bass. It was intended that these ponds should be a basis of supply to stock other waters when application should be made for that purpose to the Commissioners. These fishes have grown and multiplied to the utmost of our expectations, but we have not been able to obtain the requisite supply when desired. Our best success has been at Duck Pond, near Portland; there we obtained thirty-eight, which were transported to a pond in Norway, and others to Whitney Pond in Canton. There is an abundance of these fishes in all the ponds we have recited above, but we are not always successful in being able to find parties living near these ponds to catch them for us at reasonable prices."

For this story of the black bass in Maine we must depend largely upon the necessarily brief reports of the Commissioners, but now and then we can still find a living witness. For the stocking of Lake Pennesseewassee, the "pond in Norway" mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have Mr. Clarence M. Smith, of Norway, one of those keen, old-time sportsmen to whom we anglers of the present generation are so deeply indebted. Mr. Smith says:

"In August, 1876, Dan Harmon, Merrill Fuller, Jesse Howe and I met Commissioner Stanley by appointment at Duck Pond, near Portland, where we put in the day fishing. The result, two bass, one weighing about one-half pound and the other one-quarter. We then lined the landing net with mosquito netting and dipped twenty-seven about the size of a match. Those twenty-nine bass were put in our lake."

Mr. Smith admits that he is not sure of the date of that stocking; and as it is mentioned in the report for 1874, it is likely it took place then. But the exact date is of no great importance; what we are interested in is what resulted from the planting of twenty-nine small bass in a pond six miles long and more than a mile wide. Again I quote Mr. Smith.

"We began to fish in 1879. The largest bass caught that season, that I know of, weighed one and one-quarter pounds. Most of them ranged from one-half to three-quarters of a pound in weight. For more than twenty years the fishing continued to improve. From our lake Sand Pond and Little Pennesseewassee and several lakes in Waterford were stocked."

Those who have fished Lake Pennesseewassee will find it difficult to believe that the multitude of small-mouth black bass therein could have sprung from the twenty-nine planted by Mr. Smith and his friends, yet such is the fact. To give an idea of what sport the lake affords, I will say that in the eight seasons I have fished it I have taken on the fly, and returned unharmed to the water, literally thousands of bass; and I have seen one angler, fishing with a single cork bug, take one hundred and seven bass in one day. Though the fishing is not as good as it once was, there is still wonderful sport to be had; the fish will always rise to a properly offered fly, and at no season of the year have I ever found it necessary to use live bait. I give these details to show what resulted from the planting of those twenty-nine tiny bass.

The Commissioners' reports now show that plenty of fry and fingerlings are to be had for the catching. They also show an increasing appreciation of the importance of this new variety of fresh water fish, for the singular wealth of trout and salmon is vanishing. One report says:

"Mr. Gilman of Meddybemps, who takes a deep interest in fish culture, desired us to stock Meddybemps lake with black bass, as the utter disregard of the laws at Dennysville prevent the ascent of the alewives and salmon, and the pickerel have destroyed all the trout in the lake."

Now many citizens were interested in stocking and the bass were distributed widely. Being unable to get people living near the nurseries to catch brood bass, the Commissioners took that job themselves, and during 1875 they secured about one thousand bass from Philips and Duck ponds alone. With these many lakes and ponds were stocked that year, notably among them being Snow Pond and Long Pond in the famous Belgrade chain. And because the natural increase of the bass planted was greater than the numbers taken for sport or food, the lakes soon swarmed with them.

My personal experience with the great bass lakes of Maine begins with 1903. Then the fishing was probably at its height, though some of the old guides claimed it had been even better. How that could be is difficult to imagine, for the bass ran large and they were present in almost unbelievable numbers. Fishing with two flies, one angler is said to have taken three thousand in a single month, and scores of one hundred to the rod in one day were common. All fish taken, except those wanted for food, were returned unharmed, of course.

To get an idea of what one hundred bass a day really means, divide a day of ten hours into minutes—there are only six hundred of them. Then, to take a hundred bass in a day, one must average to raise, hook and bring to the net a bass every six minutes; and in that reckoning there is no time out for lunch, which in those days was a function. The bass were actually so plentiful that more depended upon the angler's physical strength than upon his skill.

For some years the lakes held their own, for to get about in the interior of the State at that time was not easy and so, in comparison with the present day, the anglers were few. But with the development of the automobile, conditions changed. Travel, which had been slow and difficult, now became quick and easy, and thousands of anglers poured in from other States—States which had done little or nothing to improve or even preserve their own fishing. New fishing camps were opened; summer cottages shot up, almost overnight; the price of property soared. It was an era of prosperity for Maine, but the demand made upon the lakes was terrific and slowly the fishing declined. However, neither the State nor the citizens were content to let it drift from bad to worse; instead they sought a remedy.

They have found it in restocking—in generous restocking. The State has done its part; the citizens, not willing that the State should be called on to shoulder the entire burden, have done theirs. Thousands of bass fry and fingerlings have been distributed by the hatcheries, thousands more have been purchased by private subscription, and all have been liberated in the depleted waters.

(Continued on page 180)

"Plant a Bass"—Approved

By Four Renowned American Anglers

GENE STRATTON-PORTER, famous story-teller and naturalist, through her deep love and thorough knowledge of all outdoors is indeed well qualified to judge of the merits of any conservation movement. Relative to our "Plant a Bass" campaign, she writes:

"I wish to add my name to those of other anglers and outdoor lovers as a hearty endorser of the 'Plant a Bass' campaign. If your plan were carefully carried out by every one to whom it was possible, it would do a greater degree of good than there would be any way of reckoning. I certainly shall put it into practice on the lake in northern Indiana on the banks of which I live, and I shall do everything in my power to have other fishermen residing there, do the same."

SHERIDAN R. JONES, famed ichthyologist, well known angling editor and enthusiastic member of the Izaak Walton League, whose words are indeed a cheerful rallying call, writes:

"Your 'Plant a Bass' campaign has given me more real joy than anything else in the conservation line under taken in recent years. Personally I have assisted in the planting of a great many bass in both local and distant waters, and I know that there is more real red-blooded pleasure in starting out a bunch of snappy little bass on a possible career of usefulness than is to be gained from many a rod day on the stream. I am confident that the boys will rally to this 'Plant a Bass' campaign with the same enthusiasm that has been manifest in all past efforts of the Izaak Walton League. If we get together and plant a few cans in favored places the success of the campaign is assured; for the spirit of doing something toward bringing back the fishing will carry on. With the thousands of unselfish anglers, brother Waltonians, fighting for us and with us, we'll put bass fishing back on the map. It can be done! Come on, Ike, and help us 'Plant a Bass!' "

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, eminent American author, among whose many books "The Tent Dwellers" is invaluable in interest and practical knowledge to all those who love to pitch their tents in pleasant places, in endorsing our "Plant a Bass" plan speaks "whereof he knows." He says:

"A great many years ago—thirty, I think—a friend and I were fishing and caught a number of fine bass. We kept them alive, and when we were ready to start home it occurred to one of us to take those bass—instead of eating them—to a large new pond, some fifteen miles away, in a fishless district. We got milk cans and carried out this plan. For years that has been the finest fish pond I know of. If we had killed and eaten those bass it might have been unstocked to this day.

"Yes, I am strongly in favor of your 'Plant a Bass' Campaign, and of leaving no suitable waters unstocked."

MEDILL McCORMICK, United States Senator from Illinois, is primarily an outdoors man. He is a great hunter, an ardent and principled angler and realizes what strength and cleanliness and sanity a man gains from God's Outdoors. In reply to our request for his opinion of the "Plant a Bass" campaign, he writes:

"It is good to know that there are Americans blessed with energy and foresight to plan for the conservation of wild life, and to take steps that game fish will not be driven from our streams. The hard worked years which came with the war and which followed it, have robbed me of the time I like to spend with a pack train—with gun or with rod—breathing God's air and grateful to Him for unspoiled nature. The time is coming again when I can take the trail.

"All best wishes to all of you whose work will serve not only your pure pleasure but that of others like myself."

Sea Angling

Edited by ZANE GREY
World's Most Famed Sea Angler

Trouble on the Atlantic Coast

By FRANK L. STICK
Atlantic Coast Representative of Zane Grey and author of "The Call of the Surf"

Illustrations by Bessie Bethel Crank

HERE in the east there is an extraordinary diversity of opinion regarding the reason for the generally acknowledged decrease in the numbers of salt water game fish during the last few years. After one has listened to a group of fishermen debating this problem for an hour or two there comes over the listener a peculiar sensation of giddiness, attended by increased respiration, and a tensing of the muscles which control the digits. Sometimes the listener is seen to leap suddenly from his seat and rush madly for the open air.

If we had but two factions to contend with it might be possible to digest the evidence and arrive at a practicable remedy, but as matters stand now, we conservatives who think we see a glimmer of light, are surrounded by such a veritable inferno or argument and contention that we are frequently unable to recognize the truth when it is presented.

One faction tells us that unless we prohibit commercial fishing, and send all market fishermen to the hoosegow, our salt water fish will soon go the way of the whale and the bison. Another group assures us that it is all up to providence, and that mere man is unable in the smallest degree to interfere with those natural forces which control marine life. Again, we are informed that the cycle theory as regards the movement of salt water fish, is correct, and all we have to do is to sit back and wait. Just the other day I heard verbose argument to the effect that the character of the sand along the north Atlantic coast was changing, and that the fish were deserting their natural haunts for this reason. There are a half dozen other, equally plausible theories staunchly championed by various groups of men. Championed argumentatively, that is.

Let us get down to a few irrefutable, established facts, and see if we cannot arrive at a reasonably sane conclusion in regard to the matter.

Unquestionably fishing commercially and for sport, has fallen off greatly at all points on our coast adjacent to industrial centres. where commercial waste from factories, rendering plants and refineries, and from oil burning steamers is allowed to foul the water, and the same fishless condition exists in those sections where rivers and canals with their burden of sewage and chemical deposits, empty into the ocean. Generally speaking, within a radius of twenty-five miles of New York City, inshore fishing is practically a thing of the past.

Moving southward from this particular contaminated area, we find a gradual improvement, until arriving at the Virginia and Carolina coast, we discover almost as great an abundance of marine life today, as there was thirty years ago.

Even at points along the Jersey coast, fifty odd miles or so from this centre of contamination, we have a season now and then which produces as excellent results for the wielder of the surf rod, or the boat rod, as the heart of the most ambitious angler could desire. The present season, because it was exceedingly variable, would be marked "good" in the calendars of those fishermen who happened to strike the lucky days, while others might term it extremely poor. Bluefish were with us throughout the summer and fall, and are with us yet. More striped bass were taken than for several years, and it was a banner summer for those anglers who dabbled for the succulent flounder. In Barnegat Bay it was no unusual thing to take fifty to a hundred weakfish to a boat, yet, for some reason or other, of late years these fish seem to feed mainly at night. Few good catches were made in the daytime.

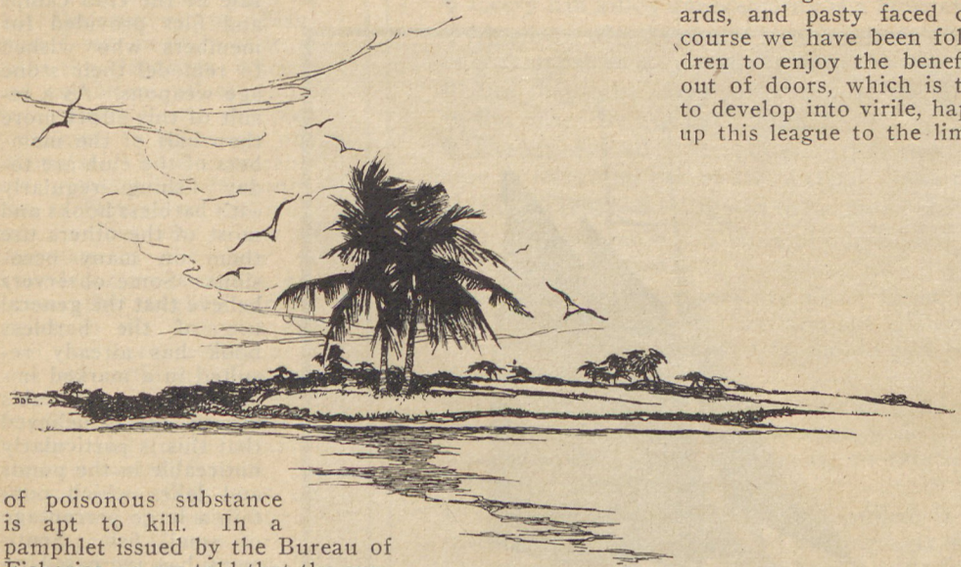
While it was an unprofitable year for the pound fisheries, this was mainly because of the weight, rather than the quantity of their catch. The weakfish and flounders that came to the outside nets ran smaller than in any season I have recollection of, and of course it was only the baby bluefish, or snapping mackerel that were foolish enough to venture within the nets. Incidentally, this abundance of small fish, of last year's vintage, seems to uphold Bob Corson's arguments, which he presents in an accompanying article.

Sportsmen as a class are peculiar bipeds. Give them a season or two of poor fishing or hunting, and it is a safe bet that they will rise up in a body and yell thief or murderer at any man or any group of men who might in the slightest degree have interfered with their own heaven ordained privilege to catch or to slay. I know this to be a fact because I am constituted that way myself. The only saving grace we possess is a spirit of fair play, and it is upon this one attribute that we must depend to qualify our judgment.

It would be foolish to contend that the commercial fisheries do not interfere with the sportsmen angler. No one who has seen the pound nets stretching mile after mile up and down the Jersey coast can believe otherwise than that a large percentage of those fish which would otherwise reach the inshore holes and flats, are either captured by the market fisherman, or are deflected out of their natural course. Yet, even so, I am firmly convincd that not one-tenth of one percent of the fish which roam the ocean are ever taken captive, and I am equally certain that without pollution there would still be sufficient fish along our coast to satisfy both the commercial fisherman, and the angler.

Unquestionably it would be beneficial to create at certain points on the coast, particularly at our estuaries and at inlets to bays and harbors, free passage for schools of fish moving to and from their breeding grounds. This would assure the sportsman sanctuaries where he might conduct his operations free from hindrance by commercial fishermen.

Few people realize to what extent fishes and all marine life are effected by even a slightly abnormal condition in their native element. A sudden lowering in temperature of that strata of water in which they exist is apt to cause the death of every fish in the effected area. We have as an example the practical extermination of the tile fish, in the early seventies. To even a greater extent are they effected by a change in the chemical content of the water. Even the most minute quantity



of poisonous substance is apt to kill. In a pamphlet issued by the Bureau of Fisheries we are told that the sunfish, though highly resistant to poisons, will die in about an hour in water four or five parts per million of phenanthene or napthalene, both coal tar products, or five parts per million of hydrogen sulphide, or seven parts per million of common ammonia. Naturally, much weaker solutions will kill if the fish are exposed for several days. What effect these poisons have on weaker organisms, shell fish and crustaceans, and in particular, that plankton life which constitutes to a great extent the food of immature salt water fishes, only research will determine.

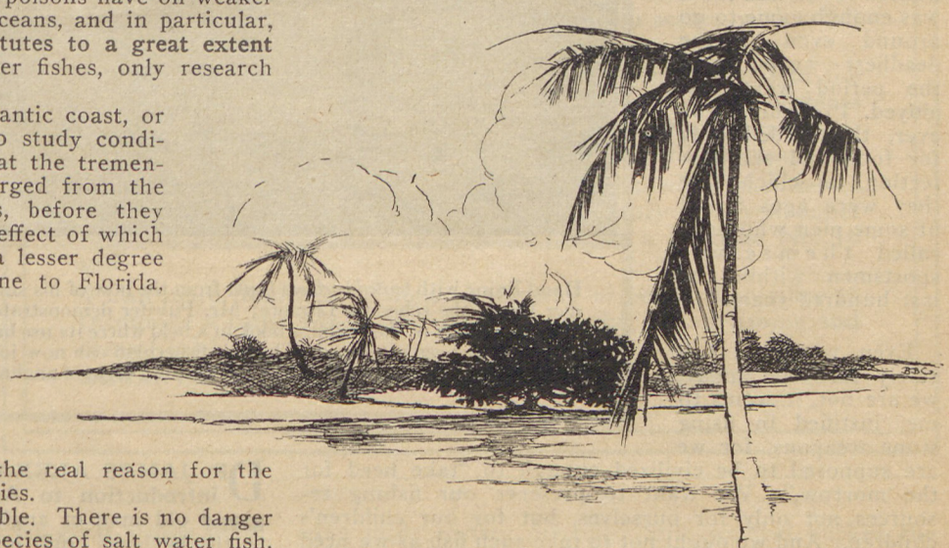
No one who lives on the Atlantic coast, or who has had an opportunity to study conditions, but will be convinced that the tremendous quantity of oil tar discharged from the tanks of oil burning steamers, before they enter our harbors, and the evil effect of which is in evidence to a greater or a lesser degree all along our coast, from Maine to Florida, is a serious menace to our marine life. Add to this the foul discharge from oil refineries, located at points adjacent to our coast, and the sewage and chemical matter brought into our estuaries by tidal rivers, and we have the real reason for the falling off in our inshore fisheries.

But this injury is not irreparable. There is no danger of the extinction of a single species of salt water fish, serious though the effect of pollution may be in certain localities. Give us legislation to prohibit pollution of our coastal waters, and within five years we will have such fishing as existed in our grandfathers time. There is no way, of course, excepting by national legislation, and the only way to bring this about is through the efforts of a sincere body of sportsmen and nature lovers, united in spirit and willing to work for the cause. We have had sporadic attempts at state and national legislation in an attempt to remedy the evil, and invariably they have failed. The Izaak Walton League of America is our only hope. It is our last hope. If this league, backed up as it is by the greatest sportsmen and writers of the country, fails in achieving the purpose for which it was formed, then I for one see no hope for the future of outdoor America. If we wish our sons and daughters to degenerate into stoop shouldered, lounge lizards, and pasty faced clerks, then let us pursue the course we have been following. If we desire our children to enjoy the benefits and the pleasures of God's out of doors, which is their heritage, if we wish them to develop into virile, happy men and women, then back up this league to the limit.

The Voice of God

I HAVE heard the voice of God.
In the roar of the waterfall,
In the pounding of the surf,
In the lapping of waves upon the sand,
In the murmur of wind in the tree tops,
In the rustle of tall palms
God speaks. I hear His voice,
I listen patiently
And, perhaps, some day
I shall understand.

DOROTHY SHEPARD MCCOMB



We regret that lack of space prohibits our running in Sea Angling this month a splendid article by Bob Corson, one of America's best known writers on oceanographic problems and a close personal friend of Frank Stick's. This will appear in the January issue.

Are You a Magdalenian?

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Vice-President the Outlook Company.

MANNA sometimes falls on a writer's desk from unexpected sources. When I started to write this article I picked up a new volume which had come in to the Outlook office for review. It was entitled "Social Change" and written by Professor Ogburn of Barnard College. I opened it and the first paragraph which hit my eye was the following: "The culture of the old stone age, as seen in the remains, reached the apex of its development in the Magdalenian period, which, according to Osborn, existed around 16,000 years ago. The work in flints was not, however, extraordinarily skilled, but work of an unusually high degree of skill in bone, ivory and horn existed, and particularly elaborate was the technique of the harpoon with double rows of barbs."

Who could ask for a better text for an article on the barbless hook? Professor Ogburn has indicated for all time the real place for the fishing barb. It belongs, where it originated, in the old stone age. The Izaak Waltons of the Magdalenian period had an excuse for the use of barbed harpoons. They wanted food—and there was enough game to go around even if the deadliest weapons of the period were employed. Probably, however, they killed only for food and self-protection, in which case they were ages ahead of some men who have called themselves sportsmen within the last hundred years.

Hand-lining with *baited barbless hooks* from the bow of his summer home, the schooner Lismore; Mr. Pulsifer demonstrated the practicality of the barbless hook in a field where its use had never before been attemped. The bait fisherman can now join his fly-fishing brother in the best and cleanest form of angling.

Even when we fish solely for food today, we are not, it seems to me, justified in using stone weapons, for we are supposed to be civilized enough to "take heed for the morrow." We want to preserve our fishing resources not only for ourselves, but for our children's children. And we ought not to take such fish as we need for purposes of food or recreation by methods which are more or less comparable to turning a pump gun loose in a chicken yard in order to secure one broiler for a Sunday dinner.

The use of the barbed fly for bass and trout results, as all anglers readily admit, in unnecessary injury to many fish which are to be returned to the water. It results in the destruction of thousands of under-the-limit fish which have never had an opportunity to spawn.

It was the recognition of this truth that prompted one of the oldest and most successful angling clubs in America to initiate active barbless hook propaganda some four or five years ago. This club, the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, which controls many square miles of forest, lake and stream in Northwestern Maine, proceeded to placard its entire preserve with posters, one of which is reproduced on the following page. Barbless hooks were procured and placed on sale at the club camps and files provided for members who wished to remodel their stone age weapons. As a result of this effort more than half of the members of the club are today fishing regularly with barbless hooks and most of the others use them on many occasions. Some observers believe that the general use of the barbless hook has already resulted in a marked improvement in the club's fishing. It is believed that this is particularly noticeable in the ponds and lakes which contain a large percentage of small fish. Sentiment has increased so rapidly in favor of the barbless hook that it is proposed now to protect at least the smaller ponds with a club rule against the use of barbed hooks, or a state law if such can be procured.

I hope that Maine, a state which realizes the value of its game and its fish, will have the honor of writing such a pioneer law upon its statute books. Such a law will seem radical only to those who have not tried out the barbless hook in practice. Such a law can be thought radical only in the sense that it goes to the root of one of the evils which beset our American angling.

DR. JAMES ALEXANDER HENSHALL needs no introduction to American fishermen. He is the grand old man of angling America. His letter relative to the barbless hook follows:

Cincinnati, Oct. 20th, 1922.

Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

May I express to you my interest in your merciful and fish conserving "Barbless" crusade?

The people of Japan, who have recently been declared, by the Government at Washington not eligible for citizenship in the United States, because they are not white, are nevertheless far ahead of us in many things,

and could give us cards and spades in many others. For one thing they have always used the barbless, or beardless, fishhook. They make the barbed hook only for export, for the "foreign devils."

The fisheries exhibit of Japan at the Chicago Fair exceeded in many respects that of any other nation in honest and artistic workmanship, as well as for utility and efficiency. Their anglers are genuine sportsmen. As Assistant Chief of the Department of Fisheries, I was in daily relation with the Japanese officials and exhibitors, all of whom were amiable and dignified gentlemen. I never saw one otherwise than agreeable and pleasant in demeanor. But to "return to our muttons:" One day when as chairman of the Jury of Awards we proceeded to examine the angling accessories, in the Japanese exhibit, we were looking at a case of artificial flies on barbless hooks, which were wonderful creations, both in beauty and close adaptations to natural insects. So natural were they that on my disturbing a small bunch in an open case, one of them took flight and winged its way to the skylight above, where it was lost to view. The Jury were open-mouthed with astonishment, until I explained that it was a moth that had been feeding on the wool and feathers of the flies.

Seth Green, one of the Fathers of Fish Culture, and an expert trout fly-fisher, always used and advocated the barbless hook. For brook trout it should always be used in preference to the bearded hook, as being more humane and efficient in every way.

Very truly,
(Signed)
James Alexander Henshall.

BARBLESS OR BARBED ?

SOME ANGLING PARAGRAPHS

¶ The life of the Megantic Club is its fishing.

¶ Every fish killed unnecessarily is a blow at the life of the Club.

¶ Members who have the best interests of the Club at heart kill only such fish as they actually desire to eat.

¶ And they take every precaution to see that the fish they return to the water are put back unhurt.

¶ The use of small hooks, not more than two on a cast, and the utmost care in returning fish to the water,—these things help mightily.

¶ But there is one thing still to be done. Listen, please.

¶ Every year more and more of our anglers are becoming converts to the barbless hook.

¶ Some of our members are using them exclusively, others are using them whenever they are not **distinctly** fishing for food. Everyone, duffers and experts, should give them at least a fair trial during this season.

¶ The barbless hook is the climax of good sportsmanship. What if it isn't the "sure kill" weapon which the old-time fisherman insisted upon! We aren't trying to exterminate our fish; we are trying to preserve them.

¶ The barbless hook, properly handled, is a reasonably effective instrument. It teaches good angling. It is **humane.** It affords the maximum of sport to the angler with the minimum of damage to our fishing. Isn't that what we are after?

¶ Perhaps the day will come when it will be required at least on all of our bogs, streams, and smaller ponds. In the meantime, we hope that every member will do his best to spread the use and the doctrine of the barbless hook.

¶ We feel confident that those who break or file the barbs from their old style hooks this year will come back another season with a full line of the barbless variety.

¶ Nobody will raise a hand in protest if they come back with the belief that they were the one and only discoverers of the barbless idea. That's the way it has hit some of our worst angle-maniacs. In any case they will be cordially welcomed into the barbless fold.

¶ Our President and Board of Directors have pledged themselves to listen without interruption to the fishing story of any member who will preface his remarks with "I had on a Barbless No. 10 and—"

¶ Can more than this be done in the way of personal sacrifice to encourage a cause which may mean the saving of our fishing and of our Club?

MEGANTIC FISH AND GAME CORPORATION. SEASON OF 1920.

HAROLD TITUS, besides being a novelist of note, is a sportsman in the highest sense of the word. His love of America's forests amounts to a passion and not the least of his many labors for conservation has been the writing of his great woods story, "Timber." He writes:

Traverse City, Mich.

Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

"The barbless hook is such a reasonable innovation that there seems little more to be said in its favor.

"I am reminded of an incident which took place several years ago on the upper waters of the Manistee. We had been having hard going, for it was early May, the trout indifferent to surface feeding and a terrific wind made casting difficult. Still, we had bucked the current and persisted with dry flies and, at the end of the day, had enough to eat and, what was more, a sense of a job well done.

"We were cleaning our small catch at Frederic Bridge and around the bend came two plunkers, splashing and laughing and snaking good fish from every pool. We watched them thread worms on their spinners and go through the awkward process of presenting their fatal

(Continued on page 173)

The Hermit of the Niangua

By LOLA GREEN

Illustration by Frank L. Stick

SWIFT sparkling riffles, deep shaded stretches through cozy, friendly little valleys, now tumbling from one rock ledge to another, angrily boiling its way among the boulders to then slip far back into the grottoes beneath overhanging ledges —into dark, mossgrown, tantalizingly inaccessible caverns where the black bass die of old age—that is the Niangua.

And why had you not heard of it? Dear friend, because the Lord locked this beauty in the heart of the Ozarks, and only Missourians have the key. Who, but the Missourian born and bred, would risk the rocky, stumpy, treacherous thread of a lane with its sheer drop on either side into dim canyons below; who else would ford the turbulent stream, then calmly and cheerfully jump his flivver from one rock ledge to the next above in a wild scramble up the mountain? Should two cars meet, there would be complications of course. But this would be a coincidence, and who is there among us to worry over so remote a possibility!

Mike and I were returning from a trip to this alluring Niangua that like the folk whose cabins nestle in its fertile valleys, can be at once so reticent and unresponsive, yet so amazingly kind to its guests of chance; can one moment lie in unruffled serenity beneath its ancient ledges defying time and change—and the next be the very incarnation of fury; stormy, powerful, relentless. We had won the reluctant friendship of the stately white-haired old Colonel who "kept store" a mile or so from our camp—though from whence his customers came, remains a mystery to us to this day. He confided to us (but **not** until we had stopped to bid him goodbye) that the best bass holes were a few miles upstream, and that to reach them it would be necessary to pack the indispensables in a "bun'le," and strike out on foot. As we sat on the "gallery" chatting with him, he told us in his slow musical drawl of these "fightin' bass," and fired our imaginations still further by his allusions to a mysterious old hermit whose cabin we would find a little way back from the stream, snuggled against the bluff. We gathered that in all probability our reception would not be especially cordial should we step within the old fellow's little kingdom; that the black eyed, fiery old ruler hated a sportsman as he hated a "pizen snake." Yet of all the Niangua's pools, there was none to equal the one in the shadow of the great cliff that faced his little cabin! Knocking the ashes from his pipe the Colonel said:

"Nobody rightly knows wheah he come from. Nevah used to be much fo' talkin' about sech things. But lately he's gettin' so as he talks moah. Reckon as he caint get out to hunt like he once could, he jest natchally has to live his old huntin' days ovah. Close onto ninety now, I reckon, and eyes a gettin' bad. But when he fust come, theah shuah wa'n't no sech rifle shot in these parts. Nevah missed. And nevah shot what he wa'n't goin' to eat. Law! I reckon you couldn't o' got him to tech a shotgun with a tenfoot pole, he hated 'em so! He'd say hit wa'n't nuthin' but cold blooded murdah to fill the air full of lead; no skill to it, and don't give the game a chanct."

Then with a keen glance from his dark eyes:

"He shuah haint got no use foah a spo'tsman. He's got a flock o' wild tuhkeys he's been feedin' and lookin' out foah, back up theah in the hills, and I don't reckon hit 'ud be any too healthy to go gunnin' fo' 'em.

"Pears like he used to hunt out west way back in an eahly day—'foah them spo'tsmen commenced slayin' right and lef' leavin' the game to rot on the groun'. That's how come him to get to hatin' 'em like he does. Don't reckon the man evah lived that jest natchally loved huntin' moah 'an him. But I'd be willin' to bet my las' cent he nevah killed **even one little bird,** jest fo' the sake o' seein' if he could hit it! It's his **religion,** I reckon.

"Law, he shuah could use that rifle o' his'n!"

Those who live in these enchanted hills declare that he who once drinks from the crystal Niangua will never again know contentment elsewhere. No matter how far he may roam, the stream will never cease calling; sooner or later he must return. Mike and I cannot but verify the legend, for we could talk of little else but how soon we might manage to get away again. Mike raved about those bass, and the floaters and spinners he would try next time. The old hermit interested him very little, but I found myself pondering over this old fighter in the cabin more than over those below the shelving rocks. Perhaps because of the tales father used to tell us of the early westerners—tales concerning mostly an old uncle of his who had gone west in the late sixties; of the game to be found then, of hair-breadth escapes from hostile Indians, of hardships unbelievable. If this old hermit had seen the west in those days, what stories might he not be able to tell!

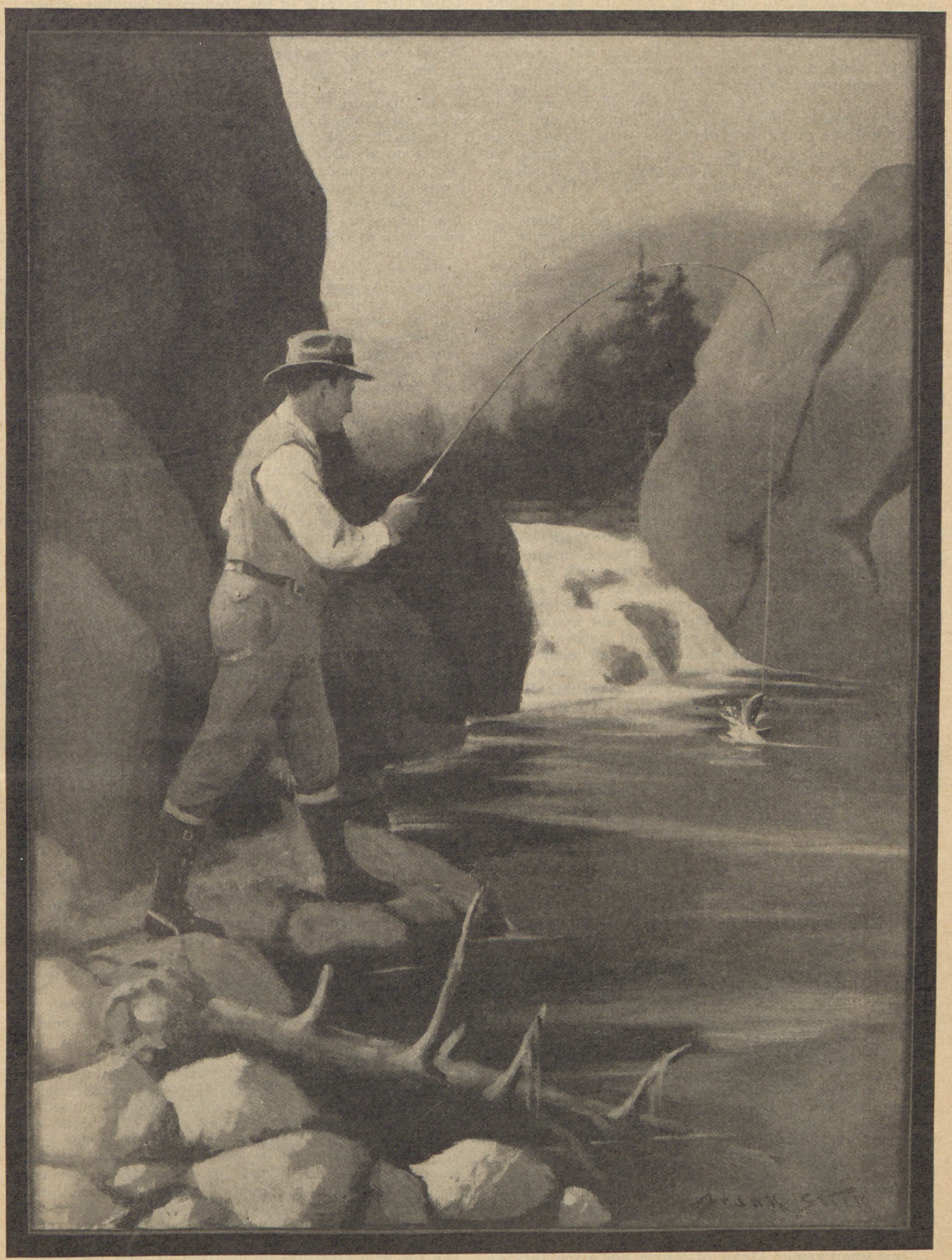
Luck favored us, and not many days passed before we again heard the musical waters of the Niangua. It was almost dusk as we dropped into the cool dampness of the valley; too late to try for bass that night. We planned to fish the pools we knew in the early morning, then make our permanent camp and prepare for the hike upstream to the Colonel's "likely spot."

Supper over, we turned in. What a night! Stars sparkling overhead, the cool sweet air, the stream laughing over the secrets it held from us! When I awoke at dawn, Mike was snoring, peace personified. I slipped into my clothes, waded the wet grass in search of my shoes, and casting rod in hand made for the nearest pool. It was scarcely light but I found my way down the familiar path, and parted the bushes at the water's edge. Out went the tiny white lure toward the dark shadows across the pool. At the very first turn of the reel, the expected tug came. I set the hook and played the stubborn plunging fellow cautiously, for well I remembered the drift near the further bank. I landed him then a few more casts,—but those cautious Ozark bass had evidently been making observations during the last few moments. Never mind, this little scrapper would fill the skillet nicely.

When I returned, Mike had the fire going, and was starting to the spring after water.

Our camp was made back at the foot of the bluff where an icy stream of water fully three feet across poured forth solely for our benefit. We had a fireplace, the boulder nearby to serve as our table. Here was the cress for our salads; in the cold water beneath this rock-shelf we kept the butter; at our left the bushes were bending with their load of plump, glistening blackberries. As we stood rejoicing in the unspoiled, uncluttered beauty of this little hidden nook of ours, Mike dipped his cup into the spring. But perhaps I had better not tell you the toast he drank,—though those of you who have witnessed the desecration of hallowed spots might not find it so difficult to forgive him.

We were in a fever to be off, so dinner was prepared, although it was but a little past ten. There was the "bun'le" to be packed, the trail was new to us and might be difficult, and by no means must we miss the evening's fishing. Everything in readiness we headed upstream, discussing the best way to approach the formidable old warrior. But the surprises at every turn were too entrancing—before we could come to a definite conclusion we had forgotten him completely. A glistening green hummingbird so absorbed in the contents of a scarlet-trumpet bloom that we could cup our hands over his fluttering little body: dense tangled thickets: mossy springs: open stretches bright with rosy phlox: always



"His fly no sooner reached the water than a new struggle was on."

a cardinal just ahead teasing us with his call—"Come **here!** Come **here!**" Now we were forced to wade, now to make wide detours.

Suddenly the cabin described to us, was revealed. We had come upon it without warning—had parted the bushes and found ourselves within the neatest of gardens! The feeling of guilty schoolchildren caught in the apple orchard beset us. Should we make our presence known to this stormy old fellow with his unreasoning scorn of all sportsmen, good or bad? Surely we could not ignore him and fish the pool at his very door! Mike took in the well-hoed garden, then with a glance at the thickets behind us said:

"Gosh! I supposed if he was 'close onto ninety' as the Colonel said, he would be getting feeble by now."

However he bolstered up his courage and when we reached the door a cheery voice bade us "Come in!"

The old gentleman arose and offered us chairs. Awkwardly we sat down, each waiting for the other to explain our intrusion.

Finally Mike managed to say that we were spending a few days on the Niangua, and were camped down stream.

"Hunting, are you?"

Mike made all haste to assure him we were not. Not by any means. Merely taking in the wonders of the country and hoping to land a few bass. Opening his rod case, he brought out his rod and then his flies. I began to think he might also offer to undo the "bun'le" we had left outside, in his zeal to convince the old scout that there was not a firearm in our possession!

In the meantime my eyes had become accustomed to the change from the brilliant sunshine without, to the dim light within. There was a work bench in one corner complete in all its appointments and with an added number of mysterious contrivances; an old time rifle over the window; a violin out of its case, lying upon the table; shelves piled high with files of old magazines—mostly scientific. My doubts of the old man vanished.

Mike was talking bass to him with all earnestness. Yes, the old fellow fished occasionally, but not often. He agreed that the pool beneath the shelving cliff that we could see from his open door was great for bass, but hard to reach. He and the Colonel were the only ones who fished it.

The sun was still high, but Mike was sure we were rested, and should be going. I told him to go on; that I would watch him from the open door and if he seemed to be having any luck would join him soon. I meant to have the old man's story if he were in the mood for talking.

"Have you always lived here on the Niangua?" I asked, thinking to draw him out.

"No. Born back in Kentucky."

"All great Missourians come from Kentucky, it seems. Father's people were from the Blue Grass state too—from Washington County."

"What name?"

I noted the tremulous eagerness in his voice—old age hungering for a word, a name, anything that may flash back the old scenes.

"Why, father's mother was a Hayden, a branch of the Hungate family."

It seemed to occur to the old gentleman that I had a poor view of Mike's movements on the stream, and he placed a chair for me almost directly in the doorway, explaining that it would be much cooler there. It **was** cooler, but I was far more interested just then in the old man who retired into the dim shadows, than in Mike who was beckoning me to follow.

"Do you hunt?" I asked, glancing at his rifle.

"Mighty little now. Used to, but my hunting days are about over. Can't see like I once could. Getting shaky, too."

"Not much game left in the hills, is there?"

"Just small game. Quail, of course, and a few turkeys. But they can't last much longer. Hunters are crowding in on all sides, and they never aim to leave anything behind them."

"But surely," I remonstrated, "it is a wonderfully fine thing—this increase in the number of outdoor seekers! Why, where a few years ago there was but a comparative handful of outdoor lovers, now the highways are fairly teeming with them! Just that many more of us to see that the right protection be given the sport we enjoy!"

Oh, the scorn of his reply! Did I not have eyes to see what my "comparative handful of outdoor lovers" had done to the wild things they professed to love so well?

His story will lose by repetition I well know. It was not a story made of mere words. It was the disconnected, fragmentary meditations of an old man whose spirit, lingering yet a few days longer, pauses to review that which lies behind; pauses on the hilltop to look back over the long climb, and point out the dangers to us who follow.

But we in our youth and strength are so sure there is no danger! And how scant our patience to listen to tiresome, ardor-dampening warnings!

Mike, uneasy at leaving me, had bravely returned to the scene. He sat on the doorstep listening. The old man noticed him not. He was living in the past. Picture after picture he drew for us of the life in Wyoming and Colorado back in the sixties and seventies; telling us of the abundance of game; of the skulking Indians and their treachery; of months of solitude—snowbound—only his violin for companion; of hunts; of the gold-seekers; of Old Fort Laramie. Many an intimate little sidelight he gave us into the characters of those guides whose names are so familiar to us. Sketches of incidents in which we could read between the lines of a man who had known no fear—one to whom danger, suffering and privation were as nothing; of a heart as tender as a woman's; an eye as keenly alive to the beauties of God's handiwork as any artist. There was no boasting. Part of the time I think he was entirely oblivious to our presence. But at each re-calling of the invasion of the hated sportsman into his paradise, back to earth he came, reproachful, accusing eyes upon us.

For what did we think the Almighty had created these wild things we were so eager to slaughter? He could tell us, if in our assurance of the God-given rights of the sportsman, it had never occurred to us to wonder! It was that there might be food for a primitive, pioneer people; and it was that there might be something to draw a man out where there were better things to think of, than his own greedy plans. Ah, it was one thing to seek the haunts of the wild creatures, and when there was **need,** take toll of the lives a kind Providence gave us dominion over! There had been a real need—back in those early days. Now, there remained but the other—the need of a place where a man may go to rid himself of his deadening egotism, to ponder over plans far better than his! Into the west, they had come; my "comparative handful of outdoor lovers," and in the name of "sport" had vied with each other as to the numbers of grouse, pheasant, antelope, buffalo and elk, they could leave rotting behind them! The murderous shotguns they had used—then prided themselves on their marksmanship.

His eyes burned with bitter, unreasoning hatred. Or **was** it unreasoning? With uncanny power he held us under the spell of his words. With him we lived those days, thinking his thoughts, seeing with his eyes.

On and on he talked. The west had lost its charm. The slaughter on all sides had become revolting, sickening. So he had packed his rifle away and turned his back upon the bloody, torturing sight. This little corner hidden in the hills, overlooked by the greedy revelers, had been a haven of refuge to him. But it would soon be gone. They would be crowding in here now. It could be hidden no longer. Ruthless destruction of Nature's gifts would follow in their wake. Mercenary, grasping men would supplant the clear-eyed, open-hearted men of the hills; the forests would melt away and the wild creatures be deprived of their last refuge; the Niangua would wind its way between the shorn hills, ugly in their nakedness. Oh, well! His part would soon be over, and he supposed the sportsmen would be happy and content when they had "utterly destroyed

the creatures the Almighty had given them dominion over."

The sun sets early in the valley, and soon the long shadows lay across the stream. Biding our host good-night, sobered and thoughtful, we made our way to the ledges. The old hermit had cast a spell upon us, and we gazed at our beloved stream as though we were in the presence of a dear friend whose days were numbered.

The bitterness in the old man's heart had reached out and taken possession of us; in anticipation we saw ourselves old and feeble, telling our grandchildren of the days when our beautiful streams—yet shaded and cool—wound their way through heavy forests; of the wild life now gone beyond all recall; of the valiant black bass that once came forth to battle with us at the first suggestion of an invitation—now, naught but a memory.

"Pshaw, the old man is a fanatic." Mike shrugged his shoulders in a grim determination to shake off the uncanniness of it. Tying on a brown feathered floater, he made his way toward the riffle.

To have reached the pool from below would have been an impossibility for even the best of casters. Crossing the swift riffle, he carefully made his way from boulder to boulder until he was reasonably close to the great ledge. Whipping out his fly, he let the current have its way. It tossed the tempting bit of feathers this way and that, then swept it toward the grotto. In the instant it was taken, and we saw a magnificent flash of bronze silhouetted against the mossy rocks. But the struggle was short, as the old sinner made for the cavern, sawing Mike's leader as he went.

Mike's spirits were again soaring,—rebounding as quickly as they had fallen under the dire prophecies of the old hermit. His fly would no sooner reach the quieter water than a new struggle would be on; every bit of Irish in him rejoiced in the battles, though the bass were undoubtedly piling up a score against him.

Pressing close to the rock wall, he managed to gain a point of vantage much nearer the tantalizing ledge, and neatly dropped his fly upon the side of a huge boulder that guarded the mouth of the cavern. A primitive old cave dweller saw it struggling, and in his greedy haste threw all caution to the winds. Such a bass! Mike had his hands more than full, a precarious foothold, a solid rock wall behind him. How he managed to conquer I do not know; perhaps Fortune was smiling upon him; or perhaps the ancient bass had grown slower witted with age—or rheumatism. However, it was, the prize came all too quickly to his eager hands. Gloatingly he held it aloft that I might see the splendid gleaming thing. On the rocks above him lay three bass, each about two pounds. And this one must be more than twice their size!

Mike started to dispatch him as he had the others, when his eye fell upon the open door of the cabin. His smile vanished, and his face grew long, as he again sized up the three dead bass on the rocks.

Then with one of those swift impulses so characteristic of him, he slipped his treasure into the water with the words:

"Go it, you old sinner! But if ever I get my hands on you again, it will be for keeps; old man, or no old man!"

Soon the bass were browning over the coals, and how Mike did eat that night! Not that his appetite was especially delicate at any time, but that night his capacity for bass seemed unlimited. He insisted we cook them all; then took a plate full up to the cabin. He heaved a sigh of relief when the last vestige of bass had disappeared.

The "peace that passeth understanding" laid its sweet hush upon the valley. The moon dropped behind the hills. We drew up the extra blankets and listened, wide awake and wondering, to the tinkling little spring beside us, to the peculiar warning cry of the fox to his mate, to the sleepy chirpings overhead.

The old man's prophecies came back to us, and it seemed those piercing, scornful eyes were upon us. We, who professed to love these things, to stand by indifferently while utter destruction threatened! To let a mere handful fight to hold these treasures for us!

A few days later we reluctantly broke camp. The white-haired old Colonel was smoking under a shade tree in front of his "store." We told him of the success of our trip, and gave him two fine bass in appreciation of the tip he had given us. The conversation soon came around to the old hermit.

"Wonder what his name is, do you know?" I asked the Colonel.

"Evahbody heah jest knows him as Uncle Bill. But his name is Hayden. William Hayden."

William Hayden! So that was why he had seated me in the strong light, while he remained back in the shadows! William Hayden! And he had known me for his kinswoman, yet let me go with never a sign! Had let me go, lest in mistaken kindness I deprive his last days of the sight of his beloved hills, where they have not yet "utterly destroyed the creatures the Almighty gave them dominion over."

Nimrod Memories

By HUNTERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

Especially Concerning Arms Failures in Bush and Field

CONTRIBUTIONS from hunters of the league, in response to the appeal sent out in the "Game Rifles" columns of the October issue, have been gratifying. Arms and ammunition failures under acid test in "the bush" are so potent, and have ruined so many otherwise happy days, even long, expensive trips, that they should be tendered in quantity equalled only by the quality of those already received.

An hour of relaxation from your daily routine, lapsing into that cherished limbo of reminiscence, the most treasured possession of any hunter, will, if penned or typed and sent to the editor of this department, warm the heart of every reader, who loves to roam the woods and fields with gun, binoculars or camera. What is more, each of these memories is prolific of suggestion. Your memories will arouse those of the brotherhood. Like begets like!

This magazine has been criticised for not having a greater proportion of hunting lore. If you want more, do your bit and you shall have it. If you have a good hunting memory that you think does not qualify because there was no gun or ammunition excuse, or because your cup of joy was filled with success, send your stories nevertheless. The editor-in-chief wants us to start another series of hunting stories open to all comers, without qualification. Let your stories come and the magazine will have an added feature in "Nimrod Memories." Your contribution will be classified by this department and entered where it fits best. Last, but most important, you camera hunters must come to the fore. The League needs your camera hunting stories, successful or unsuccessful—and, above all, your pictures of live game. Now get busy and do YOUR PART!

PRIZES WILL POSITIVELY BE ANNOUNCED NEXT MONTH

EVERY devotee of fire arms recollects his first gun, and his first kill. The first rabbit, the first mallard, or the first fox-squirrel stand out as vividly for the most of us as the first deer, moose or bear. R. E. Tull, President of the Rockford, Illinois, Chapter of the League, contributes, with many modest misgivings, a rabbit story that makes every man a boy again. Did the gun he used, the game abuse? It can hardly be said to have failed.

In a little village on the banks of the Mississippi where Illinois points her longest finger toward the Golden West, there lived, some thirty years ago, a boy of ten or twelve who came of a line of pioneers, men who had worshiped at the shrine of "The Red Gods." The Father of Waters was a sportsman's paradise then, so it is not strange that the boy, from earliest childhood, played at hunting and fishing and was at, or on, or in the great River when opportunity could be made.

Perhaps the strange thing was that he was as fond of books as of the out-of-doors. Those of you who like to read and can remember the small communities of what was then the West know their paucity of reading of any kind at that time, and can possibly thrill in imagination as he thrilled in reality when he received for a Christmas present, one year, a subscription to "The Youth's Companion."

Glorious memories of hours spent asprawl upon the floor absorbing the fascinating narratives and poring over the even more enchanting illustrated list of premiums **to be given away.** All one had to do was to induce other folks to take the paper for their little boys.

The will to do was a vital flame; but what should be the reward? Should it be the marvelous steam engine which generated its own power? Or should it be books or a shot gun? Perhaps it is needless to say that the gun won out. Then came the half timid, half defiant canvassing from door to door until the needed names were secured. Then the sending of the money and the long, long, anxious wait for the arrival of the first gun; his very own gun.

The eagerly anticipated day came at last, and there are but few other days so vividly printed upon memory as that day long ago. The gun was a marvel. It was a cast-off, muzzle loading Springfield army rifle of the Civil war period, bored out to about twelve gauge. Now remained to bring home the game to fill the cup to overflowing. Saturday came along at last, and with it a trip to grandfather's farm.

Behold now the youthful Nimrod, a pocket full of paper for wads, a polished cow-horn hanging from either shoulder, filled, the one with shot, the other with powder, a box of caps convenient to the hand, the GUN, feather light now, borne on a proud shoulder.

The farm was rather hilly, the borders of the fields were covered with undergrowth and crossed here and there by gullies or washes filled with brush-heaps. The hunter, dreaming of Indians and bears, stalked cautiously along the outside furrow and peered anxiously into every brush-heap. What is that furry ball just at his feet? Can it possibly be a rabbit? If it is, can the gun be cocked and aimed stealthily enough to secure a shot? The gun is too heavy to be held level with the shoulder but that does not matter as the game is still there and down hill.

Came a thunderous report, a most terrific jolt on a tender shoulder and a cloud of dense smoke. Will it never clear off enough to let him see the result? Not that there is any doubt, for how could **this** gun miss? Truly it could not, for there lay the rabbit struggling his last under the brush. A reckless dive that counted nothing of torn clothes or scratched face and hands yielded the first rabbit to his exulting hands. A wild scramble out of the ditch, a quick grab for the discarded gun and an excited rush for the house.

It was about noon and every one was there. Quite the proper amount of enthusiasm greeted the lordly conqueror until one of the uncles relieved the unwilling hand of its burden. The most bitter moment of a lifetime came with the shout of laughter which greeted the mangled remains of what had once been a proudly exhibited rabbit. Inexperienced hands had given the gun a heavy, well tamped load, the muzzle had not been over fifteen or twenty feet away when the charge left it, and what remained was refused even by the dogs.

GEORGE D. NELSON, of Osage, Iowa, tells you a wolf story that is at once conducive to exasperation and profanity. What would you have done, had you been in brother Nelson's boots?

Of all the hard luck experiences, the Fall of 1921 caps the climax for my 28 years of hunting, trapping and angling in this thickly settled country. I trap every Fall and generally carry a small pistol with which to shoot trapped animals. I have used one so much that I can generally get what I pull down on. Of late I had gotten the automatic fever and purchased a Colt .22 automatic and Oh, Boy! the kills that I had made with

this little gun. I had several Jack rabbits shot on the run, to my credit and had begun to think it the only gun. Well, on this particular day, I started to run my trap line, accompanied by my good old pal, Tan, the best hound that ever ran a trail. I had reached the big slough when Tan swung into the wind and was off with a roar; I imagined it was a wolf or a fox and as I had nothing but my pistol, thought no more about it until coming back I was crossing the south end of the big slough and it was snowing quite hard, when I heard Tan coming back, tonguing hard. I had only taken a few steps when out of the grass, not fifty feet from me, came a large wolf hitting on all four. Quick as a flash I whipped the automatic from the holster and snapped a shot at him, I knew after I had pulled that I was too far back to do much damage, but down he went in a heap; I pulled very carefully for the next shot, for I knew he was my meat, but nothing doing, the doggoned pistol had jammed. I nearly tore my teeth and finger nails out trying to get that cussed shell loose and when I finally did my wolf was gone, traveling on three legs. I had hit him in the hip, too far back to hurt him much with a small gun. If the darned gun had not jammed, or if I had only had my good old reliable single action 44, or if, but what's the use. Talk about hard luck, I claim this beats them all, for if this confounded gun had functioned properly I would have performed an unheard-of feat in this country where wolves and pistol hunters are scarce as hen's teeth.

NOW comes J. O. MacKie, of Minneapolis, Minn., and breaks into this contest with a free-verse deer story, a la George Ade, though we fear an uncompromising printer won't set it up as verse. If you do not warm up to this entry, you are reading out of your element, and had better confine your outdoor literary tests to the gentler tales in Bill Dilg's Angling Memories.

WHEN GUN AND AMMUNITION FAILED
By J. O. MacKie

Some years ago when I LIVED in Northern Michigan
It was my custom, religiously OBSERVED
To spend two weeks each fall HUNTING deer.
The time I am going to tell about
I had a NEW GUN, a 9 mm. Mauser
Which is LARGE enough for deer.
A friend of mine and his DAD from lower Michigan were with me
And the first day of the SEASON
We turned out bright and early
So as not to lose one minute of the fifteen days allowed us.
It was agreed that I should make my WAY
To a certain SPOT on a certain ridge which ran east and west,
While DAD went along another parallel ridge
And my friend would drive a SWAMP just north.
There were several well marked trails leading from this SWAMP
Up over the first ridge, down into a little VALLEY
Up over the second ridge where I would be
And then branching off into the HARDWOODS.
A few steps down from the TOP I found
A COMFORTABLE place to sit and I settled myself to wait.
In about ten minutes I heard a SHOT
Over in the swamp
And I jumped up, gun ready, TENSE,
Eyes fixed on the top of the opposite ridge
And then, a FEARFUL thought,
Was my gun LOADED?
I could not REMEMBER. I pulled back the BOLT, in my HASTE too far
And flipped out the shell that was in the chamber.
The magazine was FULL, though,
And I slammed the bolt forward,
But the soft-pointed cartridge JAMMED going into the chamber.
I glanced up and THERE
SLOWLY, daintily picking his way over the top of the ridge
Was a BUCK. Without haste, without looking to right OR left
He ambled down the gentle slope before me,
Not more than eighty yards AWAY, crossed the little valley,
Came up the side of the hill where I STOOD and, still unhurried
Passed within fifty yards of me, down the OTHER side
And disappeared in the woods while I stood and watched FROZEN
The only muscles I could control being the FINGERS
That idly, futilely, plucked and picked at the jammed SHELL,
And THEN, while I STOOD there, SIX MORE DEER,
Four does and two yearling bucks, in single file,
Came into view over the TOP of the ridge
And WALKED just as slowly, just as carefully down the slope, across the valley,
Up MY side and VANISHED.
I could see the ripple of the muscles in their LEGS,
The graceful bend of their bodies, fancied I could hear them BREATHE
And although I would have NOTHING more to do with MAUSERS,
And although I asked and received much SYMPATHY when the tale was told
I remember, as I saw the last white flag flicker out of sight,
That a vagrant, impudent chickadee flipped onto a dead limb an arm's length
Away and I was aware that the SUN was SHINING, that I was still vainly pulling
At the jammed shell
And somehow I SMILED and when I had assured myself that no one was near
I sat down again and lit my PIPE and DECIDED I was GLAD
That GUN and AMMUNITION had failed.

(This series will run six months)

THE FISHING GAZETTE, LONDON,

the oldest and best known Angling magazine in the world, printed in their issue of October 21st the story of the recent killing of a 64 lb. salmon by Miss Georgina Ballantine in the River Tay. This is the largest salmon that has been taken on a fly in Great Britain for over a hundred years. We wrote Mr. R. B. Marston, whose name as angling writer and editor of the famous Fishing Gazette is well known to American anglers, requesting permission to reprint the story and the accompanying photograph of the fair angler. In reply we have received word from Mr. Marston that he is forwarding us the block of Miss Ballantine and her big Salmon, that we may the better reproduce the picture. This is extremely kind of Mr. Marston and our January issue will contain the illustrated story of this remarkable record salmon.

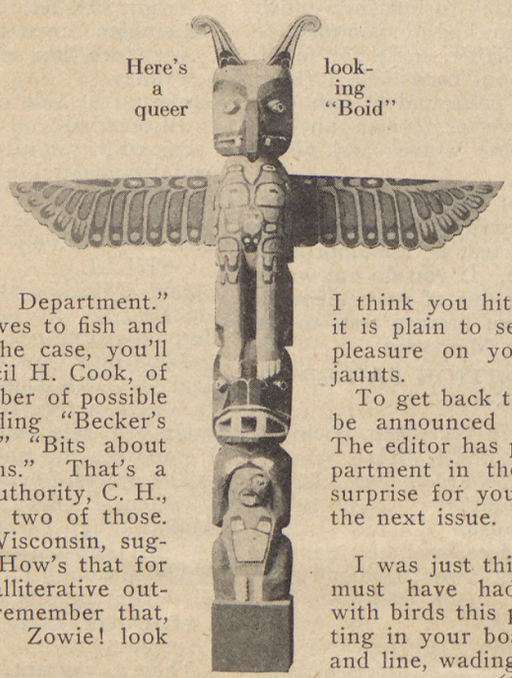
Getting Acquainted with the Birds

By BOB BECKER
Editor "Woods and Waters"
—Chicago Tribune

WELL, here we are again, bird department and all. Your wandering bird correspondent got lost in the Alaskan wilds while hunting and couldn't get any dope to the editor in time for the last issue. As a result we were not "among those present." However, our genial editor said he would give us more space this time to make up for it, so we are off to another start.

You notice, of course, that the name of this department is not changed. The reason is this: so many excellent suggestions have been received that the jury has been deadlocked for weeks trying to decide which one is the best. If they don't hustle up and deliver a sealed and just verdict pretty soon, I am going to discharge the whole bunch. We must know by the next issue, not right?

Here's a queer looking "Boid"



Suggestions have come not only from a large number of readers, but from all corners of the compass. Here is E. L. Ewbank, from Hendersonville, North Carolina, who suggests "The Audubon Department." E. L. says he is 73 years young, loves to fish and loves the birds also. If such is the case, you'll stay young a long time, E. L. Cecil H. Cook, of Youngstown, Ohio, sends in a number of possible names for the department, including "Becker's Bird Box," "Bird-lore by Becker," "Bits about Birds," and "Becker's Bird-ographs." That's a mighty good list, and I have it on authority, C. H., that the jury is considering one or two of those. Dr. S. F. Rudolf of Green Bay, Wisconsin, suggests, "Bob Becker's Birdy Bits." How's that for alliteration? Friend Gochenour's alliterative outburst is also a humdinger. You remember that, "Beckoning Birds by Bob Becker." Zowie! look at those b's.

R. B. Hopkins writes us a mighty fine letter with a suggestion, "Birds of a Feather," adding, "are we not all going to flock around you?"

R. B. continues, "I am primarily a would-be fisherman, and yet in my tackle case is a pair of field glasses which give me no end of pleasure on trips. My grounds are Pickerel and Crooked Lakes, just north of Petoskey, Michigan. This summer we made a trip to Burt Lake, a journey that took us over eight miles of river from Crooked Lake. It was a great jaunt for a bird fan. Red winged blackbirds were plentiful and we saw also a number of blue herons, kingfishers, a partridge, and just after entering Burt Lake a bald eagle. Down at the boathouse Mr. and Mrs. Barn Swallow would feed their young just about three feet from an Evinrude motor in action, while up near the house a bunch of purple martins kept house. A fisherman is generally a good observer and that is one reason for his having an interest in birds."

I think you hit the nail on the head, R. B., and it is plain to see that you are getting a heap of pleasure on your combination fishing and bird jaunts.

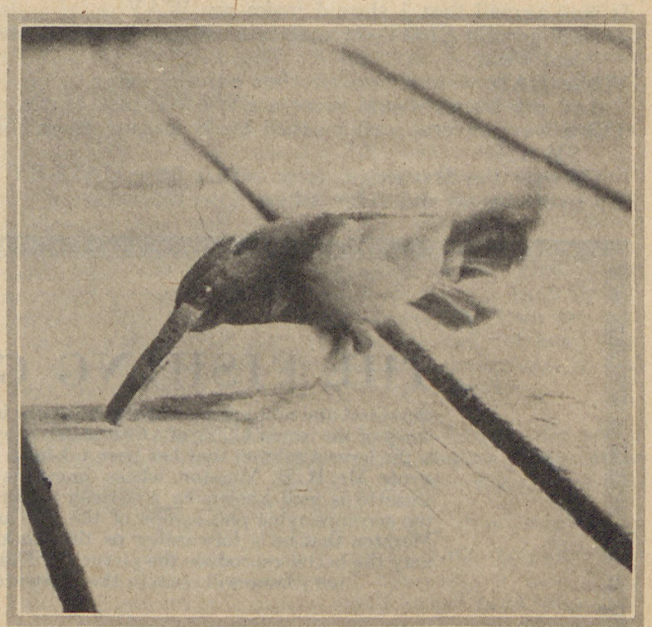
To get back to our title contest, the winner will be announced in the January issue, positively. The editor has promised us something for the department in the January issue which will be a surprise for you. So it looks like big doings for the next issue.

* * *

I was just thinking that some of you fishermen must have had mighty interesting experiences with birds this past summer. Isn't it a fact? Sitting in your boat as you worked a lake with rod and line, wading a trout stream to lure Fontinalis

(Continued on page 181)

Nature gives the ptarmigan a white dress for winter so that it is rendered inconspicuous against the snow. Here are a group with their snow clothes on. Note the feathers on their feet—regular snowshoes



He has a bad reputation as a nest robber, yet is such a cocky, handsome fellow that you can't help but like him. Now, what's his name?

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

WINTER! Is it the barren and unprofitable season which we commonly think of it as being? Rather, what inner ecstasy of growth may not be taking place in the hearts of great, bare trees; what pulsating warmth of expectation and of memory may not be stirring the earth's deep being. Truly, what a gathering together of lovely thoughts and happy hopes and plans must precede the glory and the wonder of the spring!

I believe nature through the months of winter quiet rests in a pregnant and cumulative waiting, not bleak and melancholy and dead, but more like a beautiful and secret love, unknown, unseen and undivined by all the world but glowing steadily and bursting forth in time in the bud and blossom of fulfillment.

There must be a period of preparation for any worth while accomplishment, be it book or painting or sweet spring crocus.

We women whose men folk are fishermen know the piscatorial preparations that go on through the non-fishing months, and perchance we share in those plans and dreams. There is a marvelous companionship to be won with "that husband" of each of us.

No less a lover of the trail than Robert Louis Stevenson said—"to live outdoors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free." That more men may believe this to be true, more of us must learn to "live outdoors." We must shed all the non-essentials and regain, if only for a time, the unaffected and primitive joyousness of youth and be carefree, shorn of little duties, conventionalities, prejudices, pettinesses and **partially**—of clothes. But this is important; in order that we may be blissfully unconscious of our clothes in camp we must give them definite and proper consideration before we get there. "Oh, **sensible** clothes, I suppose," sighs little Flapper. "Yes, my dear, sensible and suitable and comfortable and therefore **beautiful.**" There was a fearful time when women went camping, taking along their "second best" clothes and last season's oxfords to "wear them out." Horrid thought!

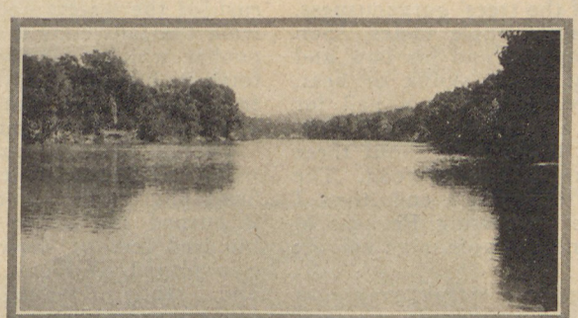
Most of us are not fortunate enough to be going south to camp and fish this winter, so we will not talk about our camp outfits now, but later, in time to prepare for "opening day," we'll discuss the ever fascinating subject of clothes—for camp. One thing I cannot keep from you so long—a quarter-inch black elastic on your hats, my dears, under your chins—solid comfort on stream and trail and positively rejuvenating in appearance—who could ask more!

Oh, women of America—if I could only tell you of the joys of life out in the open, of the beauty and the strength and understanding that comes to one off in the woods with your man—yes **and** the children—with things of only God's creating all around you and "the peace of the world piled on top."

MARGUERITE IVES.

The Canoe Trip

By FRANCIS ABIGAIL MAYNARD



Aside from being a fascinating record of fascinating events, this story may well cause the taking of many such trips next summer, and what is every bit as important, the planning for them all this winter.

MARGUERITE IVES

WE had often talked of taking a canoe trip down the Elkhart river and the St. Joe to Lake Michigan, but it was always—sometime. The idea was never forgotten however; it appealed to each of us until the joy of expectancy had fully materialized. Every time we drove over the St. Joe river, the conversation always would be, "We must take the canoe trip to Lake Michigan." "Yes, we will, sometime, I think we can manage it with the three children, don't you?" "Of course." At each coversation my mind was busily following imaginary curves in the river, dodging old stumps, submerged rocks, riding the riffles, building camp fires and wondering if such a trip would ever happen.

So one day Father came home and announced, "Let's go." "Go where?" I asked. "That canoe trip we have talked about so much. Let's start tomorrow."

The children clapped their hands for joy! Their first canoe trip of one hundred miles. Such thrills in making camp each day, and sleeping out at night in a tiny tent! Soon our anticipations were put aside for the practical preparations. We did not take one article that would not be necessary, but everything that would add to our comfort for at least six days.

Our equipment consisted of one seventeen foot Sponson canoe; two canoe tents, each weighing from two to six pounds; one pack sack holding the wool blankets and ponchos; two canvas bags, one holding a complete aluminum cook outfit, the other food enough for two days. Father, Mother, Rosemary, Clarissa and Charles made up the little party, each being appropriately dressed in outing clothes, including a big straw hat for the hot sun, a warm sweater for cool evenings which could also be rolled up as a pillow at night. We each carried a knapsack containing personal belongings, toilet articles, night robe, bathing suit, etc. Besides these, we found room in the canoe for bird glasses and camera, and under the bow I tucked a canvas bag containing clean gingham dresses for myself and the girls. The one prize article was forgotten. We forgot the compass. "Well, we won't need it anyway,—where would we use it?"

We packed our knapsacks, but somehow or other in our rush Clarissa's was misplaced. I noticed tears like big drops of dew on her cheeks and I said, "Why, what's

the matter?" "Well, Mother—can't I carry a knapsack too?" "Of course you can, you poor dear, I'll find it for you right away." And as I looked for the sack I thought how the simple joys of childhood sometimes result in near tragedy! The sacks were tenderly packed by the children and taken to bed to dream over lest the precious things be forgotten.

We were up bright and early the next morning ready for our start at five-thirty. The sun fairly beamed. What a day! We ate our breakfast and took an invoice of the equipment. "Ready," said Father. "Yes, to a shoe string." We hiked off down the street to our boat house on the canal. Father carrying the heavy packsack of blankets, I the canvas bags, and the children's arms loaded with paddles, camera, bird glasses and water bucket.

While the canoe was being carefully packed to balance, —just so—the children stood impatiently, eager to take their places and off on the voyage. I stood admiring the outfit; for if there is anything that makes my heart go pit-a-pat it is the sight of a canoe loaded with packsacks and happy people. Can you think of anything more graceful than a canoe anyway? The canoe loaded, Father took his place in the stern, I in the bow and the children scattered among the dunnage.

"All aboard"—we were off down the canal just one block to the old mill and power house, our first portage. "Here we are," said Father. "Why, we have just gotten these things loaded; and now we have to haul them all out!" "Sure—how are you going to get over to the river?" So we eagerly took all the dunnage out, each carrying his particular charge. The men at the power house heard our racket and came out to see what it was all about, and looked at us as if we were a circus; but with longing eyes as if they too might enjoy the freedom of the river. A seventeen foot canoe is far too heavy to carry in regulation style; so we lifted it upon a frame that had two detachable wheels (the ingeniousness of Father) and hauled it down the embankment to the river.

Once again the canoe was loaded and we were really off. Dip, dip went the paddles in unison. "Hurrah!" said Father joyfully and down went his paddle with a

(Continued on page 183)

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

THESE letters from "Nan," the Girl Who Wintered in the Woods, are creating wide interest among the readers of our magazine. Alone up in the mountains with her little seven year old son, two magnificent police dogs, not forgetting Son's yellow bunnies, Tag and It, she sends me letters irregularly through occasional passing hunters or trappers. "Nan" (she prefers to remain unknown) is a widow, incidentally a young, accomplished and very charming one. The winter in the woods was undertaken because of her faith that God's out-of-doors was a sure cure for a severe nervous breakdown from which she had been suffering. She will be completely snowbound in her "Li'l Cabin o' Logs." Undoubtedly the strength of body and peace of mind which she seeks will be given her, there in her "Valley o' God."

"Li'l Cabin O' Logs"
Valley O' God

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

Although the almanac has it that fall is still here, to me, when the trees have packed away their dance gowns of scarlet and gold, and donned the quaker grays of winter, fall is over and winter here. November, that long, bleak month, is due and the knoll four decided upon a five-mile hike yesterday as a sort of tribute to the last of the trees' gorgeousness.

The morning smelled as a spicy apple tastes. Son carried the camera, a small knapsack and his bow and arrows, "'Cause we just might see a skunk or bear, mother." I carried, in a larger knapsack, a pail for water, a small ax, matches and a book.

We followed the road north to its end, about three miles, then into the woods on an old lumber road. The dogs ran free till we reached the road's end, then I leashed them. 'Tis indeed like harnessing Pegasus of old Greek days, but after Vel and the porcupine episode I dare take no chances.

The old ties from lumbering days streak gray now and then across the road. Shut your eyes with me Outdoor Woman, and vision these woods when they rang with axes and wild, weird songs; when the shirts of the swampers dulled the most colorful trees, but alas, the axes ring no more, the big timber has gone, the old scars are covered with an impudent young growth; silence reigns.

Vel jerked at his lead, which dropped from my loose hold, jumped and dove over the bank at my right much as a fish jumps. Quicker than one's eye he leaped, a faint squeak and a too-curious chipmunk was brought to my feet. Red squirrels deserve to be caught because of their bird destructive habits, but poor, busy li'l chipmunk—yet one can scarcely ask a dog to discern the difference. There in the path we buried the li'l fellow with hats off and a bit of a prayer. Poor Vel looked his mistake and Portia wore a "not so smart after all" look. I just had to laugh, and though at a funeral, I believe that the chipmunk was happier—over yonder—because of the laugh.

But the sporting blood in you, Outdoor Woman, would have called "Brava" had you seen the wondrous quickness of that kill.

A hard climb, in which the dogs helped a heap, a sharp turn to the left, followed by a steep descent where rocks slipped and slid and son and knapsack took the last two feet not right side up. We arrived at the falls. Two hundred feet above us in a narrow rock gulch thundered the sparkling water. We were on a sort of rock basin through the center of which time and the swift rush of the waters had gauged a deep bed. The water from the falls runs through this, emptying into a large pool in which a six-foot wide stream is born and starts forth in life, growing to brook and riverhood, as a girl from maid to womanhood, and finally finding itself part of the Sea King's harem.

Though the sun shone above us the water and rocks made our plateau lunch table chilly. Soon I got a wee fire going, perhaps not in approved woods fashion, but it burned and a tiny column of smoke rose the two hundred feet of sheer rock into the sunlight beyond. Son played we were Indians, sending signal messages and I really pretended too. Soon the pail of water was boiling, and added to canned soup and sandwiches, tasted better than any Biltmore or Blackstone luncheon.

Risking a complete ducking and possibly life and limb, Vel and I crossed the water-filled path in the center of our plateau to a shelf of rock, son held the camera and we ourselves from slipping as best we could while he snapped us.

I caught Vel in what I thought an excellent point on the way home, but on developing I found he was quicker than I. A partridge soared as I reached him and some half grown young scampered to fade into nothingness before our very eyes.

We reached the road at sunset. I implored son to hurry, but true out o'door child that he is fast becoming, he has erased hurry from his dictionary. The west flew purple and deep pink banners that shaded into soft greens and silvers as we watched. As we turned in at our li'l road, all o'erhead was silver, while in the east dark night boats spread their gray cloud sails, soon to cover the silver sea. A peaceful sunset and twilight, a fitting ending to a happy day.

NAN.

A Fortnight Later — Li'l Cabin

Such a busy, banging, exciting fortnight as it has been.

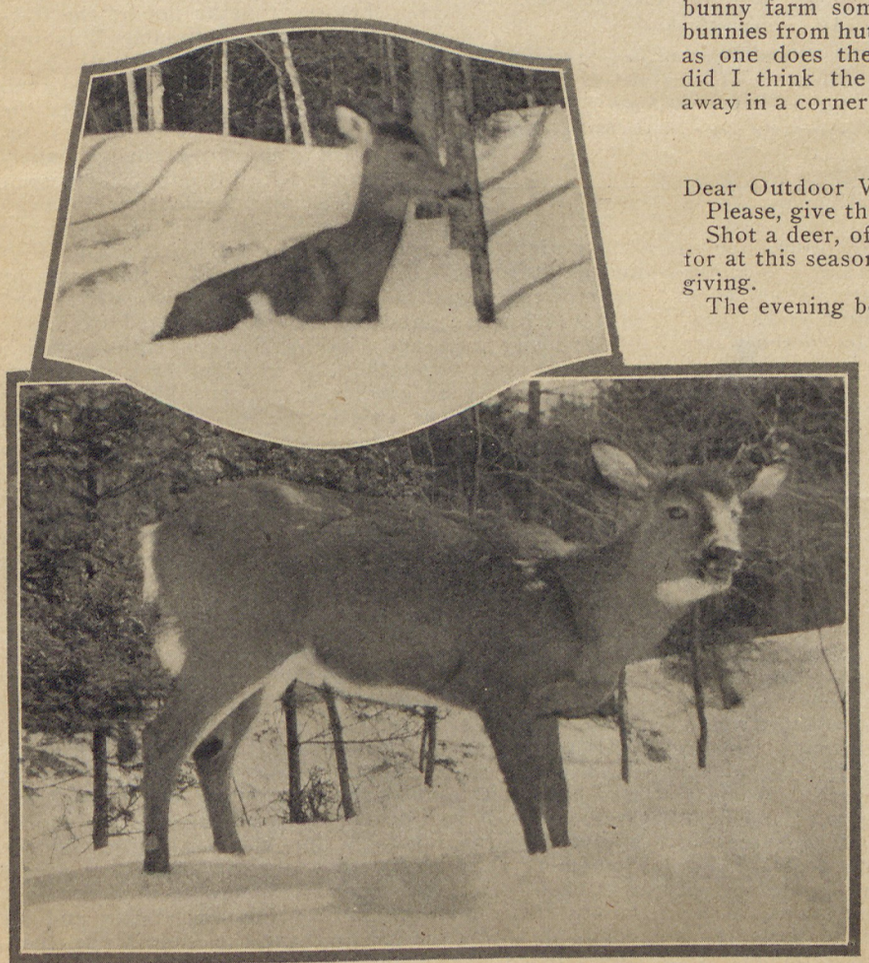
Our first snow to amount to anything came the tenth and how it did come. It was a busy four here on the Knoll, as a result. The last of the wood to get under cover and many trips to the spring, three hundred yards away, to fill our pails in case we were snowed in for a day.

Night came much too soon on a white, cold world. The trees were covered, unto every wee bud. Intensely beautiful, yet it frightened as well as awed me. Such vast white spaces and the mountains seemed miles higher. For a few near-tragic minutes I longed for home and the family, then I caught myself up short; was this the spirit of my forefathers and mothers, was I to weaken at the first real flurry of snow? Never. And Son, he was wild with anticipation and ended his prayers, "Please, God, do not let the sun melt this snow before I get up in the morning." We are up at seven long before Sol peeps over Sigarua!

We awoke the eleventh to one and one-half feet of fluffy white. After breakfast we donned lumberman's rubbers, which I had been as eager to try as Son, and knickers. It was shovel to the wood shed and to the spring. The latter path had to be wide that we might carry pails without raising them above arm length. As we worked the sun came and turned all to a jeweled fairyland. Words are futile to paint its wondrous beauty. The evergreens seemed lovelier one instant, only to have the jeweled intricacy of the hard woods seem so the next.

The fourteenth, the day before hunting, on my way back with the milk, I turned out into a woods path and met a five point buck. He looked so defiant and wise, as much as to say, "My time is good until tomorrow at sun-up. Look well, Oh mortal, for this is the last you will see of me," and away he went.

All that day the whir of stalled motors and groans from overworked ones could be heard as the hunters invaded our peaceful valley.



The morning of the fifteenth dawned clear and mild. The snow was wet and heavy, which meant it would be a bit harder traveling for man than deer. Fourth of July in the middle of November—Son simply could not get over it, and every shot the dogs challenged till I drove them under the couches. Red caps, red caps everywhere. Almost like the Grand Central, and I wondered if I held my hand up would one come and carry my knapsack.

Afternoon brought the hunting down the ole railroad bed just below my knoll. At the foot of our path a hunter shot a spike-horn. It seemed beastly, that splendidly alive creature to become an inert, bleeding mass. They knotted a rope thru his muzzle some way and about his front legs and dragged him up my path, it being a short cut to their place a half mile beyond. I could have annihilated them for the stain of crimson on the virgin snow of my knoll.

Some of the hunters have dropped in here and the first group found hot apple pies with lasses in 'em, and doughnuts, and I believe they passed word around because scarcely an evening passed that two or more did not drop in. How a man loves his tummy! Oh, and I discovered the best way ever from an ole hunter of popping corn. You take an iron kettle or one very heavy, put a half cup of lard in and four handfuls of corn when the grease is hot, cover it and let her pop. If you are skeptical you can shake it a bit now and then. But I believe I have a better scheme than the hunter's because I use bacon drippings. Now I trust if you tell anyone of this they will not turn up their city noses because it is delicious. Every kernel tastes as though dipped in butter and little salt is needed with the bacon drips.

Hunting lasts till December fifteenth, and when I get over that crimson trail and nerve myself to where I can stick and disembowel a deer if I shoot one I am a hunting going. Till then I shall stick to snowshoe rabbits, of which, with Vel's aid, I have shot two.

That takes me back to California at the ranch "Valley of the Moon," where our host insisted we all ride to a bunny farm some eight miles south. That day I saw bunnies from hutch to table—followed their transit much as one does the assembling of a John Henry. Little did I think the how of skinning one which I tucked away in a corner of my mind would ever be of use to me.

A Few Days Later

Dear Outdoor Woman:—

Please, give three long cheers. I have, I truly have.

Shot a deer, of course. Whatever else would we cheer for at this season? And I did it the day before Thanksgiving.

The evening before three hunters dropped in and were joking me about my having a license, asking me why I did not have a deer hanging.

"I am not a good shot yet," I answered, "but tomorrow I will get one," I boasted, stung by their teasing to retaliate.

Most of Tuesday night I lay awake wondering however I should make good my rash boast. I knew that up the Y, a place where two ole tote roads run and a third branches off, I had seen deer signs all fall. There were two runs which crossed here, I was sure.

I set the alarm at five, and half frozen I fumbled my fires alight and gave Son his breakfast in bed.

The grey fingers of the false dawn curled over Sigarua like some evil thing as I slipped down the knoll path. Reaching the Y, the shadow fingers warmed to the rose and pink of living things and shortly after Sol grinned at me. Even the sun was laughing, I fumed inwardly!

(Continued on page 182)

Think of it—this magazine—one year—one dollar

Captain Mattes' Big Muskie

By VIOLA C. REELING

The Story of a 46 pound Muskellunge

WHEN I mentioned to the editor that I was tempted to relate how Captain Joseph Mattes caught his big muskie, he replied, "The story sounds most interesting and I know it will lose nothing in your telling." Whoever heard of a fish story losing anything in the telling? Be very sure, Mr. Editor, that I shall not LET it lose anything in the telling, but on the other hand, even though I am telling a fish story, I shall try to stick to facts!

The last time I saw Captain Mattes, he sat at our tea table and, though I asked many leading questions about the big fish he had caught, he would not answer at length and each time very adroitly changed the subject. So he was about everything, this nationally famed man, overly modest about his achievements; this great man, whose very greatness came from his bigness of soul; who met his death when he went out to talk to the crazed mob in Houston at the time of the riot. As he finished the words, "I am here to help you," a cowardly shot laid him low, and a few days later 25,000 people stood before the church and filled the street, trying to catch a glimpse of the flag-draped casket being carried out. Less than a week ago I saw the letters of condolence to his family from the president of the United States and from the governor of Illinois; and I gazed on the medals he had won for bravery and for sharpshooting, so many that it would have been impossible for him to wear them all at one time. And speaking of sharpshooting, one of his friends told me that while out rowing one moonlight night on Fisher Lake, Captain Mattes stood up in the boat, took aim and shot over his (the friend's) head at what appeared to be but a grey hump on the water, many yards distant, and brought down a good sized deer. "Pure accident," Captain Mattes always declared. It might have been, but when I recall the sight of those medals—well, I wonder.

CAPTAIN MATTES was born and reared on the site where his grandfather's farm was located, in the triangle between Larrabee St., Lincoln and Belden avenues, now the heart of Chicago, his grandfather's family having settled there in the early 40's.

He began his military career at the time of the Spanish-American war, reaching the rank of captain in 1910. With him, his service to his country always came first, a fact to which several handsome medals bear mute witness. Silver loving cups and various medals also testify to his ability as a marksman.

Captain Mattes was the highest type of American patriot, American soldier and American sportsman.

He died, as he had lived—a soldier—in the Houston (Texas) riot, 1917, while he was trying to prove Uncle Sam's friendship to the very men who took his life.

I am giving this preamble, in order that it may be understood how I have had to piece the story together, from the few facts he very reluctantly gave me and the little he dropped here and there to other friends, and so I shall tell, as nearly as I can, how "Smiling Joe" caught his big fish—"Smiling Joe," whose motto was, "Always give a little pleasure and get a little out of each day that comes."

Every year many grownup boys turn their faces northward and let their city-cramped souls expand under the northern skies and drink in again the odorous sweetness of the balsamed air. For a few all-too-short weeks, each one dons khaki and high boots and broad-brimmed hats and revels in the big outdoors, with none to say him yea or nay. He brings unused muscles into play, as he tramps the woods amongst the spruces and hemlocks and pines; and boyishly cuts oblong pieces of bark from the white birches to turn into postcards; or perhaps larger pieces, for fashioning into some sort of souvenir for the kiddies at home. He stops, in his tramping, before a rare variety of fern, to measure its height by his own knee or waistline or shoulder. He laughs with the freedom of a schoolboy at a chipmunk sitting up soldier-straight and ogling with keen eyes "the stranger within his gates." To the cottontail that seems to spring from nowhere, dashing across his path like a meteor to disappear again into nowhere, he calls fraternally, "Whither so fast, Fleetfoot?"

He wades far out in the marsh, to tenderly dislodge a pitcher plant, to be later packed in moss and carried home, to grace an acquarium, for the elucidation of the less fortunate ones who have beheld none of the wonders of the north woods, nor seen the strangely fashioned plants of the marshes; nor felt the soul grip at the sight of the beautiful little wooded islands that dot the lakes of the north.

He forgets his greying hair, as he grasps rod and reel and makes for the place, where an old stager held the fort the day previous and refused to be snared; then returning at sunset, tired and contented and happy, after a day well spent in God's open, where man has not laid sacrilegious hands, he lets the oars lie idle while he watches the changing colors play across the surface of the lake, as Old Sol spreads himself to his proudest dimensions, before dropping behind the towering trees, silhouetted against the western skies. With heart full to overflowing, he slowly and silently and reverently lifts the oars for the homeward course toward camp, to exchange experiences with his fellow campers at the evening meal and while away a few hours in reminiscences.

The night is still young, when the lights are put out and he "turns in" to be lulled to sleep by the sough of the pine trees overhead and the plaintive notes of an owl in a nearby tree; and he feels far removed from city life and city ways and binding city conventions, which seem to belong to another age, in which he is in no way concerned. As he gives a last sleepy blink at a star peeping through the wide open door, from some remote corner of his brain comes the memory of the words, "God is everywhere," and, filled to the brim with the wonders of the big outdoors, he sleepily demurs, "No, no—just here."

He returns from the north with renewed energy, a broader outlook on life and more leniency toward his fellowmen.

The days are sped; with a firmer hold
He takes up his tasks. Ah, the pots of gold—
The songs unsung and the tales untold—
Have given him courage again.

Of that ilk are the members of the Turtle River Fishing Club, to which Captain Mattes belonged. This club was having its annual vacation outing at Fisher Lake, Wisconsin. A half dozen men pushed out from shore; everything was favorable for good fishing, from the September skies to the time of year, when the muskie was back to his feed again, with new teeth and a well mouth. The boat, containing Captain Mattes and his companion, was the last to leave the shore. They usually crossed over from the main land and passed the

little island, where the muskies lurked. The captain commenced trolling, as was the custom, using frog for bait, his companion handling the boat. The other boats were still within hailing distance, when he got a strike and called out, "Wait a minute, boys, this feels like a big one."

Too often those men had been fooled; "Show mercy. Poor little fellow."

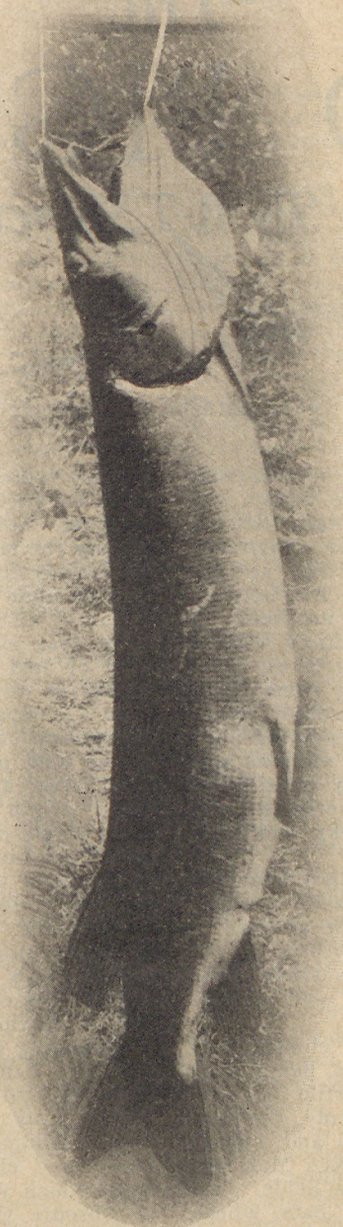
"Don't waste your time measuring; toss him back in."

"If you need help, don't forget to signal."

And so they jeered and went on.

Away the big fellow went, like a meteor, using up all the slack line; he tried fancy leaping, as though he would coil the line and break it. His first jump out of the water showed them his monstrous size. Steadily he was reeled back and the boat was headed for clear waters for the tiring out process. The capers a muskie cuts in his leaps out of the water would easily qualify him for a circus performer. Feeling the line slack again, he tried to reach the weeds, knowing instinctively that safety lay there. Being discouraged in this, he went through all the acrobatic stunts a muskie is wise to, from contortionistic twists when leaping, to nose diving, trying to get under the boat. Oh, that fish was mad through and through!

Over an hour he kept up this mad action, then, as he was brought close to the boat one time, Captain Mattes' companion struck him on the head and stunned him. As he lifted him out of the water to put him in the boat, the hook came loose and simultaneously that slippery fish slid back into the water. The two men looked at each other in dismay. The catch of the year within their grasp one moment and gone the next. They could already hear the men jibe, "Sure, it's always the big ones that get away." For a minute they sat still, not even touching the oars to the water; then suddenly on the water's surface, a short distance away, there loomed up a light streak and they quickly rowed toward it and were elated to find it was their fish, breathing, but still stunned. To insure his not getting away, while being lifted into the boat, Captain Mattes reached over the side of the boat and with dexterous quickness hooked the great fellow's jaw, when—presto! —he suddenly revived, and seeming to have gained renewed strength from his momentary rest, he began going through all the antics he had hitherto given exhibition of, and truly he was past master in the art. All the tricks —and they were many—that all his old ancestors had ever known and all the new ones the last generation had discovered, were his to a finish.



For yet another thirty minutes they rowed around, trying to tire him out and at the end of that time he was less tired, seemingly, than the two men. Again they drew him to the boat and struck him, but, alas!—struck with such force that the hook was freed from his mouth and down he went —and the waters closed over him. Lost—a second time! This time, the men lost no time in starting a search for him; the water was clear and they searched the bottom, too, and there they saw him, lying apparently lifeless.

The captain dropped two hooks down and by careful and tedious work succeeded in hooking into the gills. There was no further trouble and he was brought safely to land—truly a beauty, weighing forty-six pounds and measuring fifty-two inches. In the few days that followed, before sending him to the taxidermist, there was a loss in weight of two and three-quarters pounds.

Captain Mattes himself took the fish to the station to ship to Chicago for mounting, a six mile row up Turtle River and across Spider Lake, then a seven mile hike over an old logging road.

The fish is beautifully mounted, a true work of art. For a long time it hung in Captain Mattes' office at the armory of Troop A, First Cavalry, I. N. G. Recently I saw it at the family home. I felt of the new teeth in the front of the lower jaw, each about three-eighths of an inch long; and further back on either side of the lower jaw three old prongs, possibly an inch in length; and one single long tooth in the middle of the upper jaw; all exceedingly sharp. According to statistics, it would seem he was a little late in losing his old teeth, as they

(Continued on page 182)

"THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA"

is undertaking a much needed work. A work that can not but appeal strongly to every right-thinking American citizen who cares for the things that may not be expressed in paved streets, and big buildings, and factory smoke.

As I see it, this movement to conserve something of the great out-of-doors' wealth for our children is not a movement of sentiment at all, but rather one of **stern necessity**—of **actual self defense.**

If we do not manage somehow to get more of the strength of the mountains, the bigness of the seas, the beauty of the forests, and the peace of the quiet places into our every day American lives we will surely perish from the earth."

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

The WILD PIGEON

By R. T. Milner

Illustrated by H. C. Mundstock

IT seems incredible that a race of birds so numerous as were the wild pigeons a little more than a half century ago, should have become totally extinct. This section, known as Eastern Texas, comprising the territory bounded by the Trinity River west, and the Sabine River on the east, which marks the line between Texas and Louisiana, on the north and northeast by the Red River, and on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, was in its primitive state, doubtless, the greatest game preserve in the world. All of it, covering some 50,000 square miles, was one solid forest, through which meandered thousands of ever-running streams of pure, freestone water. This forest contained millions and millions of nut bearing and fruit bearing trees, vines annually loaded with berries, grasses and herbs of every description, besides marshes on the creeks and river bottoms that were alive with insects.

This being a new country when the Civil War occurred, it can be readily understood how easily it would be for wild life to become reinstated in the absence of guns, and men to use them. Since everything in the gun line, and every able bodied man was taken away hundreds of miles to fight the "Yankees," wild life had nothing to fear.

Only the old white men, the women and children and the negroes were left, and the country being very sparsely settled, the soil yet in its most fertile and productive state and far removed from an army, the conditions for sustaining wild life, both fowl and animal, were better than the time when only the Red Man was monarch of all he surveyed. Because the fields, what few there were, were well tilled in corn, oats, wheat, rye, peas and other feed crops, and they, added to the natural supplies, acted as tonics to draw wild life hither.

Deer and wild turkey became so numerous that the farmers were forced to improvise traps and other devices to frighten them away from the ripened crops. Squirrels were a veritable menace, and during rainy days in the fall and winter they would have to be frightened away from the barns where they would assemble to feast upon the grain stored away to be used as needed.

But of all the mighty hordes of wild life, of foot or wing that migrated here to plunder and destroy the fruit of field and forest, the wild pigeon was so far in excess of all others, and all others put together, that even a comparison of that sort would convey but little conception of the magnitude of the number.

The wild pigeons came during the last years of the Civil War, and remained just a few years thereafter. Their origin has never been satisfactorily explained. They would only appear in the late fall, and long before spring the bulk of them would have vanished. As a lad in my early teens, on my father's farm, I had my first and last vision of these innumerable swarms of birds. They would begin their flight for roosting places late in the evening, all flying in the same direction, and apparently at a speed of a mile a minute a more.

And now comes that part of the story which has no parallel in the entire history of bird life. Imagine you are standing on a level plain, the extent of which either way you cannot see, and then there would appear a flock of birds reaching from horizon to horizon and leaving only your mental fancy to calculate the extent of the column, and then observe the columns coming closer and closer together until over the whole plain upon which you stand is a solid flying roof, so thick as to obscure the sun! The picture is not overdrawn. They were soon to be at their roosts, in swampy places, near the banks of creeks and lakes, where small trees

(Continued on page 180)

There's Good Sport Ahead, Boys—

By THE EDITOR

DR. HENRY van DYKE closes a letter to us as follows: "Go ahead. The Izaak Walton League is on the right track. It will push through."

Ten months ago when this National Organization was started with fifty-four members it seemed to the writer that unless a miracle were performed sports afield and astream would become but a golden memory in these United States. Great things, however, have happened during ten months. The Izaak Walton League of America has ceased to be a dream—it has become a National Fact and unchallenged state and National Jurisdiction is certain and no power on earth can stop it.

Izaak Walton Chapters are being established all over the nation. Chapters are popping like popcorn in a giant popper—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Everywhere the American sportsman is wide awake and fighting mad. He sees the need of his coming into this national organization so that he can have a chance to defeat the nationally organized enemies of outdoor America. He now plainly understands that those who are commercially exploiting outdoor America, especially those who have polluted eighty percent of our streams, are nationally organized. No longer red blooded men are standing idly by, and the days of "let George do it" have passed forever.

Every sensible man knows that the politician will do what he is told to do if enough of our citizens show him that they mean business. The sportsman of today in this U. S. A. means business and he is not only coming into this League himself but he is acting as a recruiting sergeant and bringing in every principled sportsman he knows. There is no longer any doubt that this League will have more than a million sportsmen enrolled by the year of 1924 and that means an invincible army that no politician or combination of politicians would dare to fight.

Yes, indeed, a million determined sportsmen can write their own ticket, not only in every state capitol but in the national capitol as well.

The Izaak Walton League of America intends to have twenty fish hatcheries established where we now have one. It intends to see that ten wild game farms are established where now there is one. Already the politicians who have sense enough to know when to come in out of the rain understand that conservation means something in this country and that the American sportsman will no longer submit to the bunk of the past. This League intends to teach the American citizen that the conservation activities now in force are merely a drop in the bucket when compared to the need.

We intend to have clean rivers—clean lakes, and we do not intend to have our coastal estuaries made fishless by sewage and poisonous oil substances. Federal Control of Inland Waters and Coastal Estuaries will put a stop to these conditions. Federal control is not only imperative as a public health measure but it is also imperative if our streams are to contain fish. The Supreme Creator of the Universe gave us a paradise and the sportsman of these United States does not intend to be robbed of his heritage any longer. This League has waked up the nation's sportsmen and now all we sportsmen are fighting mad, and a fighting American, as everyone knows, makes a mighty crusader and when he starts in he is no quitter but stays until the fight is won.

My brother, I know that you want to help to conserve and to perpetuate the priceless blessings of outdoor America. I know that you love it and that you want your children and your children's children to enjoy it too. I know that you want to do your bit to help this League save our God-given heritage and that you are not blind to the handwriting on the wall. The greatest writers and the greatest artists in America are making this magazine the most wonderful outdoor publication ever printed. They are devoting their great talents to pay the indebtedness they know they owe outdoor America. They write for our magazine without pay for the love of outdoors, for the love of fishing—*fishing*, my brother, in clear, quiet lakes, and clean little rivers—for the love of *hunting*, my brother, hunting in great, green forests, balsam scented and pure of air where a man can know the strength and cleanliness and sanity of God's outdoors.

There is no doubt that the Izaak Walton League of America embraces the most comprehensive program of conservation work ever undertaken in this country, and that it may be carried on successfully, we have the magazine. The League and the magazine are indissolubly connected. It is the recruiting station from which we must make our great appeal and enlist our army of a million for we must have a million members in this League that our great conservation plans may become facts. The magazine is our medium of advertising the League from one end of Americay to the other, that the American sportsmen may be told of the perilous conditions which confront them and be taught the way to organize and fight for our beloved woods and trails and streams. It is only by the immense combining of American sportsmen that we can make a great step in conservation work. The American sportsmen must speak with one voice to be heard.

Never has a white man been offered so much for one dollar. Twelve issues of our magazine at one dollar—plainly it is a gift, just as you must see. Of course, you understand that our magazine is not published by individuals to make money, but by the Izaak Walton League of America—an association of outdoor loving Americans who are banded together for the sole purpose of making this editorial come true. We expect you to subscribe for it. You cannot afford not to subscribe and it is your duty to get others to do likewise.

Every one who loves the feel of a fish on a line, the whir of a game bird on the wing, the smell of a camp in the great outdoors, will want to help and here you have your chance to help by signing these two coupons. Memberships-at-large are only issued when there is no Izaak Walton Chapter in the county. The usual National Magazine costs $2.50 per year. Sign both coupons and save 50c. DO IT NOW!

Membership-at-large coupon

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
326 W. Madison St.
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (10c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (10c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

Think of it—this magazine—one year—one dollar

The "Plug"

By CHARLES HEDDON

"Outcast of American Angling Lures"

SUPPOSEDLY sired by "Jim" Heddon, unquestionably damned by angling ethicists and well meaning conservationists, and embraced by—well, never mind that!

That we may have frank and free discussion, permit Mr. Plug to make up a fishing party and to invite as his guests:

Mr. Buck-tail Spoon:

Mr. One Hook Porkstrip:

Old John Live Bait:

Let us now seat our party around the camp fire in the northern pines, the day's sport passed into memory, the evening fish fry under process of digestion, pipes lit and good fellowship presiding.

Down from the domed canopy of heaven let there appear the spirit of "Jim" Heddon, which passed from this earth, across the fishless river of death, some dozen years ago.

* * *

Here the writer begs the indulgence of the reader for a brief interruption in this story, to say a few words on the life, character and sportsmanship of "Jim" Heddon. Though this article has not been solicited, nor is it intended as a eulogy, yet his name is so closely interwoven with this much-discussed, and not infrequently unjustly slandered type of lure, that it would seem impossible and unfair to his memory to omit a brief statement of the man and his connection with the so-called "Plug:"

[To debit his life account with the origin of the fifteen hook wooden bait, constitutes a manifest injustice to the dead, and I could not prepare this manuscript without seeking to correct this erroneous impression.

In fact it may be pertinent and interesting to make the disclosure at this time that "Jim" Heddon never owned a dollar of stock in the corporation that bears his name and which has been one of the foremost producers of the so-called "Plug" type of bait.

Though the House of Heddon was primarily founded on the name and reputation of this pioneer Michigan sportsman and nature-lover, "Jim" Heddon had little or nothing to do with shaping its policies or determining its product. Possessed of a practical mechanical mind, of inventive and conceptive originality, he had little of the instinct to produce and sell. In fact the five treble hook wooden bait was produced as a commercial expedient, in response to a wide-spread demand and over the protest of "Jim" Heddon.

The opening of his wallet after his passing, revealed three items of content which at once constitute a silent but faithful commentary on the character of the man. The inventory:

1. Three exquisite poetical selections, portraying the ideal and the sublime in nature.

2. A poorly scribbled letter, from an unfortunate friend, greatfully acknowledging a charitable service he had rendered.

3. Cash, six cents.

"Jim" Heddon was my Dad!

Yes, more than my Dad, he was my loving and beloved companion.

In early childhood, when the imagination was impressionable and warm, he taught me to love the beauties and sublime democracy of nature.

He liberated me from the mental and physical fetters of the school-room and led me into the great cathedral of the out-of-doors. He taught me to interpret the symphony of the waterfall and the sublime dirge of chill November winds, sighing the last requiem over leafless forests, 'ere winter comes.

Countless times, when afield, have I seen him pause in silence to contemplate some pastoral scene, his eyes dimming with tears—an expression of the tender and poetic emotions, more intense and genuine than could possibly be voiced through the genius of the spoken word.

Through the printed page, he was the intimate of the world's immortals of poesy, philosophy and science. He not only knew the habitat of the bass, but the laws of Kepler as well, and seldom could be found a man among laymen, so thoroughly versed in philosophy and science.

As a sportsman, he pursued only feather and fin and it would have been impossible to his nature to have sought to fell the higher forms of our wild life.

Confessedly he was many times guilty of returning with the over-filled bag, but how many among the most noted and zealous of present-day conservators, have not been equally guilty in the by-gone days?

Who among the sportsmen of a quarter and a half century ago could vision the imminent extermination of our wild life, so depressing an actuality of today?

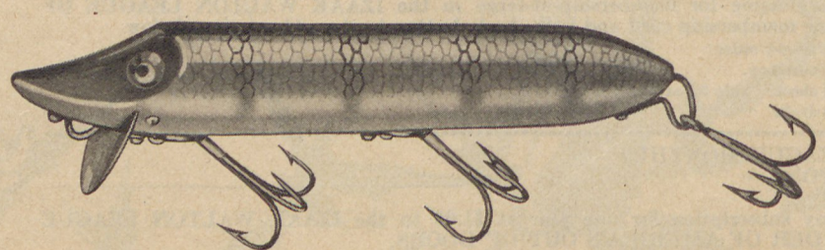
Let us be honest; let us be charitable. Should we not keep in mind that the pioneer sportsmen, now fast passing on, were nature's legatees of such a wealth of wild life, that it seemed the most extreme profligacy of slaughter would fail to dissipate this inheritance? And may we not keep in mind that most of these men were, or are, but one generation removed from an ancestry which debated with blood the right to existence on the soil of the middlewest?

Can this generation be justly criticised if there still exists too much of the spirit of slaughter?]

* * *

And now, let us return to our story:

Let us imagine



"A multiple hook plug"

PLEASE READ

MR. CHARLES HEDDON, the author of this article on the plug, is a manufacturer of the many hooked plug—the one hook plug, and also of one hook fly rod lures. Recently Mr. Heddon declared to the writer and a number of other "ethicists," as he chooses to call the one hook advocate, that "OUR magazine was AFRAID to publish a defense of the plug." I replied that our magazine was not afraid to print anything of interest to angling America *and if he doubted it to write such an article and that we would print it. To be frank we did not expect Mr. Heddon to write such an article, but since he has written it we give it to you without the change of a word. If you agree, or disagree with Mr. Heddon's general summing up, write us and we will gladly print your remarks. In fact, we very much want your honest opinion and your experiences will be valuable; therefore please write us at once.*

Your editor is conscientiously opposed to more than one hook. He has taken a few fish on plugs but invariably used a one hook plug with which to do it and herewith wishes to declare that all the fish he takes in the future will be taken on a barbless one hook. *Understand we are anxious to get your written opinion on this subject, so let's hear from you. If, in your judgment, there are two sides to this subject, let's hear your side.*

the breaking of the sublime silence with "Jim" Heddon's kindly, admonishing voice as follows, first addressing our friend, Old John Live Bait:

"Surely, Old John, ye are not among those whose piscatorial ethics or sense of sportsmanship are insulted by the use of the 'Plug,' or any other type of bait.

"Ye, who impale a live minnow upon thy hook, killing TWO fish that ye may capture one.

"Ye, who in netting thy minnows take many small bluegills and perch, and in sorting to procure thy bait, leave thousands of these little fishes to perish on the sands.

"Ye, who impale the live frog upon thy hook, deaf to his little squeals of pain and perhaps unconscious that the frog is a higher expression of anatomical life than the fish which ye seek to protect from the assault of the 'Plug.'

"Ye, who beat these little forms of life unto death with thy constant impact of casting and do not strike thy fish until the barbed hook has been swallowed, to penetrate the inner vitals.

"I pray thee, Old John, dwell seriously on these thoughts in thy dreams of tonight.

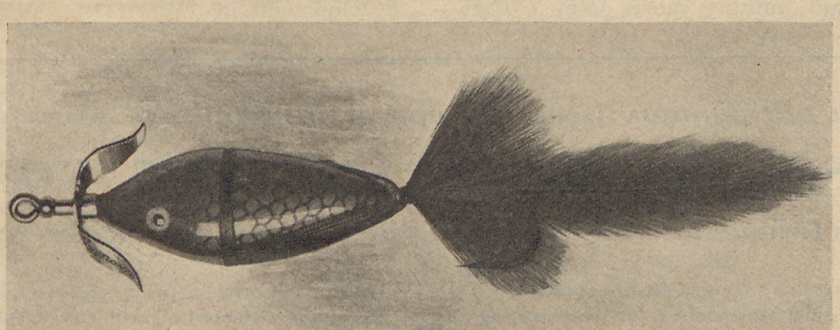
"And now, my two dear friends and brother anglers, Mr. Buck-tail Spoon and Mr. One Hook Porkstrip, thou needest but one hook with thy lures, because, as thou must realize, the bodies of thy baits are of **collapsible substance** and **small** of **area.** Because of these elements, thy fish doth close its jaws directly onto thy one hook, becoming ensnared in the gristle of the near outer mouth, where ejection by the fish is well nigh impossible. Would not more than one hook be useless and superfluous?"

For the moment the kindly voice was stilled. There was silence and reflection. Then all eyes were centered expectantly on the party's host, Mr. Plug. The voice began again:

"Mr. Plug, ye of the modern school, I do not object that thou art made of wood. It is not against thee that thy body is fashioned from the tree of the forest rather than from the pork of the pig or the feathers of the fowl.

"Thy fancy forms and artful colorings do not degrade the ethics of my brothers.

"Well do I understand that thy **solid body** prevents the fish from biting directly onto thy hooks. I appreciate that to capture the fishes, which all of my brothers seek, thou must be allowed the use of a reasonable number of hooks to make thee as effective as the single hook which thy brothers use with the rind of the pig, the hair of the deer and the feather of the fowl. But thou shouldst well understand that too many hooks **doth not** aid thee to capture, but giveth to thy quarry the likelihood of ensnaring those superfluous hooks in foreign substances, as grasses and snags, which give thy fish **resistance** and **leverage** to assist escape. This danger is not shared by the lures of thy brothers.



"A single hook plug."

"Thou shouldst learn that too many hooks frequently foul thy fish and destroy thy sport, while at other times they may cause the loss of thy quarry. Thou shouldst employ only enough hooks to insure the same certainty of capture enjoyed by thy brothers, with lures of **non-rigid body,** but only so many as are demanded by the size and fashioning of thy lure.

"I know thou seekest that thy lure should swim and have semblance of life and that therefore thy body **must be** of **large** and **buoyant** proportions, that these results may be secured. I know that the fashioning and size of the body must determine the number of hooks to be used, but thou shouldst be content with enough and not too many.

"Well do I realize that the many hooks on thy lure are not more **deadly** than the one hook on the lure of thy brothers, and in truth offend not, except that they become unsightly to the eye and displeasing to the senses. Many hooks are not good to look upon, but because the fish **bite directly onto the hook** of thy brothers' lures, whereas with thy lure the jaws of thy fish meet the **resistance and barrier of the solid wooden body,** it would seem but fair that thou be permitted enough hooks to overcome this handicap.

"All of my brothers should know that the many species of game fishes, for which ye angle, attack the lure in various ways, the Muskallonge and Pike invariably striking from the rear, whilst the Bass unfailingly attack from either side: Is it not manifest that if the same hooking certainty is to be secured to the lure with **rigid body** as to the one of **collapsible, non-resisting substance,** hooks must necessarily be provided at least on either side and at the rear? Experience will teach thee that the use of but one hook in a compromised position, intended for effectiveness on both the rear and side biting species of our fishes, is not reasonably effective on either, if the wooden body be made large enough to lend both **ease of casting** and **swimming movement.**

"It shall please me that thou employ thy hooks with good sense, using only that number which the fashion of thy lure demandeth, that thou may enjoy, not more and not less, of the certainty of catch as thy brothers.

"And now, I admonish ye all, my beloved companions, that while ye reflect on the fashioning of thy lures, thou first give of thy service and thy wealth that thy lakes and streams may not be polluted. I admonish thee not to quarrel or strain over thy differences as to lures, until thou hast finished thy greater work of passing wise laws which shall limit thy catch, as to size and number. I admonish thee to go forth and inform thy but half-awakened brothers, to see that the public conscience is awakened against the dynamiter, the netter and the polluter. I pray that thou may give where thou takest, by propagation of the young of the finny tribe. It would not become the intelligence of my brothers to quarrel over the fashioning of thy lures, or the hooking thereof, until these greater necessities are provided for, and therefore I pray that thou give not battle to the flea, whilst lions are besetting thee."

The voice ceased.

Our little group, slowly arousing, gazed eagerly upward into the void; the spirit of their brother was no longer there.

Tackle boxes were opened, and with each now freed from the old prejudices, inspired by appearance rather than fact, kindly and intelligent discussion continued on into the quiet hours of the night.

"That's right," said One Hook Porkstrip, "it hadn't occurred to me before that the bait with the **wooden, non-collapsible body** is no more deadly with a reasonable number of hooks attached in the proper places, than my one hook pork strip, which enables the fish to strike directly onto the hook."

"Come to think of it," observed Mr. Plug, "I've had a mighty sight of game fish jerk loose from my bait, when they ran into snags and weeds, as bass usually do, catching one of the other hooks on some solid substance, which give the fish leverage and resistance to

(Continued on page 179)

An Angling Memory

A recollection of a Famous Fisherman

By DR. GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

BLACK bass are not only the freakiest of feeders but also they are great specialists in localization—they want what they want not simply when they want it, but where they want it. The smallmouth you generally may expect to encounter in the cooler, deeper water and over or along rocky shoals; the large-mouth in the warmer, shallower water with weedy bottoms, among or along the edges of pond-lily patches. This, perhaps, is more strictly applicable in lakes than in streams. The writer has time and again moored his skiff at the gnarled root of a certain tree on the bank of the creek and allowed the bait to drift down alongside a certain patch of grass in the water, and caught fish there when patient effort in a more remote situation had been void of success. And he one day, with a companion, fished at this favorite spot from noon till 5 p. m., using worms, crickets, grasshoppers, and dobsons for bait, without result, then along came Ros. Coles, who was leaving the stream, and who offered and very quietly passed over from his boat six minnows that he had left—whereupon the two of us had six bass within the next twenty minutes. That's bass fishing!

So, verily, is the following incident, which merits a place in the archieves of angling if anything does, and which occurred some twenty-odd years ago in the Esopus River of fragrant memory, back of the venerable white church at Old Hurley, N. Y., whither the Kingstonians fled when their homes were burned during the War of the Revolution.

Three chronic out-of-door devotees are lined up across the stream, fishing the water below in the riffs in which they are standing; fat and jolly Dr. B— at the left, dignified Denny in the center, and then the scribe. We are standing about fifteen feet apart and all are baited with dobson.

Twenty minutes pass and there is nothing doing, except that the Doctor steps ashore to return anon and resume his position.

Five minutes more, and then—ZIP!—BING! The Doctor has hooked a nice one.

Fifteen minutes and nothing more doing. Then—

Denny: "Just the same old story. Here we are, all three of us, fishing virtually the same water, and all with the same bait, but you can bet that Doc has to have the luck."

The Doctor: (solicitously)—"What you **baited** with?"

Denny: "With dobson, of course; same as all of us."

The Doctor: (apologetically)—"Why, I didn't catch that bass on a dobson. I changed to a frog."

Three uneventful minutes more elapse, when—

Denny: "Where'd you get that frog, Doc?"

The Doctor: (accommodatingly, and gesturing)—"Just over there, in that marshy little cove."

Denny then puts ashore and hunts, returning in about ten minutes, the proud possessor of a juicy little specimen of Rana. Some twenty minutes more pass, then ZIP! BING! The Doctor has another good one on and successfully lands that also.

Denny: "There he goes again! It never fails. And if we were in a boat it wouldn't make any difference which end he was in either—or whether he sat in the middle—or stood up—or rocked the boat—or—"

The Doctor: (impressively)—"What you baited with, Denny,"

Denny: "Baited with!—Frog, of course."

The Doctor—(pityingly): "Oh, I didn't get **this** one on a frog; they stopped biting on frogs long ago, and I went back to a dobson."

Denny—(exploding—he was in the dynamite business): "What! I'll be — —!"

We behold him in amaze. For in an acquaintanceship of many moons never before have we heard Denny give utterance to words "just like them." And yet we are conscious of increased respect, in the knowledge of what he is capable of if only the occasion really warrants.

(He slams his rod down in the water; stoops to recover it, and reels up; then returns ashore, produces one of his favorite "Little Pet" cigars and lights it, and with a grin towards us sits him down and assumes the role of the but casually interested spectator of further developments.)

In our January issue will appear in detail the plans for

THE SPORTSMAN'S ANGLING CONTEST

which this League and its magazine will conduct during the year of 1923.

THIS is a sportsman's contest in the truest sense of the word; it is neither a contest for the procuring of circulation, nor of advertising; it is a contest for the sole purpose of encouraging the use of light tackle and ONE HOOK artificial lures.

No fish will be eligible for this contest if caught on live bait or ganghooks or double or treble or multiple-hook lures of any sort; this is to be a sportsmanlike contest for sportsmen using one barbed or barbless hook. The wet fly, the dry fly, one hook plugs and one hook spoons and spinners only will qualify.

Prizes will be given by world known anglers, both of England and America. No prizes will be donated by firms or individuals engaged in the manufacture of fishing tackle.

This contest, my brother fishermen, will be a competition not only for the greatest fish, but above all for the greatest amount of skill and technique and sportsmanship employed in the capture of the fish. It is impossible because of lack of space to describe this artificial one hook lure angling contest in detail. The coming January issue will fully explain every classification and will give a list of the most wonderful prizes ever offered by any national magazine in the history of this country. There will be valuable prizes for every type of our game fishes, and there will be, of course, a northern and a southern division—so that the contest will be equally fair to anglers of both sections. The sea angler's department of this contest will be under the direction of America's greatest salt water fishermen.

Now all you bait casters and all you fly rod fishermen WATCH and WAIT.

The Editor

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by Will H. Dilg

AH yes, angling memories! Every fisherman has his angling memories and they are the dearest and sweetest things in life to him. Some man has said that fishermen dream of their favorite sport oftener than other men do of theirs, and veritably, veritably this is true. Last month I wrote: "A fisherman without angling memories is like a little river without a song." I never wrote a truer statement than that.

Fishing and fishermen have ever been the dearest thing in life to me and, thank Heaven, thousands of anglers who read these lines can say the same of themselves. We fishermen are a strange lot. Most of us, to paraphrase the Persian poet, have never been deep in anything except fishing. We make money so that we can get out away from man and his sordid dollars and his commercialisms. The music of little rivers, the lap and the break of waves upon the shores of silver lakes, the boom of the surf as it rolls in from the sea are the breath of life to us. In truth, we fishermen cannot understand why other men are not built as we are and do not love these things as we love them.

A man can always write the thing he can think and since we fishermen think fishing in our idle hours and dream of golden days afield and astream, it follows naturally that we can write of fishing because of the love there is in our hearts for fishing. There is not a man who reads this page who hasn't volumes of angling memories stored up and who is not ready to spill them when in just the right company. From ancient times anglers have been wont to tell the brotherhood their fishing tales. Take angling memories from the life of the average fisherman and you would take from him a great and treasured possession. Here we brothers of the streams and lakes and oceans meet upon a common ground. There is fellowship and whole-hearted friendship breathing in every line that is written in this department of our magazine.

Now it is perfectly obvious to all of you that the angling memories of our magazine cannot be great unless we fishermen all do our bit. It is not fair for us to expect to let "George" write all the stories. It is the just thing, the fair thing and the right thing for each one of us to do our bit and make this department worthy of the League and its magazine. Has it ever been brought home to you, my brother, that it is up to you to help us to make these Angling Memories all that they should be? Don't tell me that you can't write or that you are too busy or "let the other boys do it" because that won't do. You alone have enough angling memories in stock to fill several issues of this department. Understand, this is not a literary contest; we don't care so much for literary style as we care for angling experiences; besides, why not win the fifty dollar fly or bait casting rod, or your choice of any reel either for bait casting or for fly rod? We will have other prizes but we have been too busy trying to push forward the League and to edit the magazine at the same time to tabulate them in this issue, but the full list of prizes will be given in the issue which follows this one and my word for it **they are all worth-while prizes.**

Last month in my introduction I said: "Every fisherman has at least one great fishing story in his system if he will only let it out. You have yours, just as I have mine. Come on, my brothers, and let's do our part to make our magazine the friendliest monthly in the world."

Here we go, brother fishermen, back through the years. This little story of Mr. Friend H. Thomas of Hudson Falls, N. Y., takes us back to quote a well known writer, "more magically than any Persian carpet—40 sordid, intervening years are swept away and we are boys again, barefoot, carefree and happy." Boyhood is not boyhood without its fishin' adventures—let us make it our duty, my brothers, to see that our boys and their boys are not cheated of this part of their inheritance.

In a little hamlet called Weavertown in the County of Warren, state of New York, lived in the late seventies, a little freckle-faced boy who loved nature and all her works. He would sit in the shade of some grand old maple or elm and call until the golden robins in the tall elm would fly lower and lower to see what queer creature was mimicking their call so closely.

Best of all were the trout brook and the old swimming hole back of the house. Down through the meadow where the white and yellow daisies bowed their heads with every breeze, there wound a narrow path that passed under the old apple tree, through the swamp where sharp grasses made the bare feet and legs of the boy tingle and smart, up through the sheep pasture where stones, thistles and nettles kept him hopping this way and that to avoid adding to his already numerous scratches. At last appeared the white birches, tall and straight, so thick that the sun very seldom had a chance to peek through to see what the little cottontail rabbits were doing; then the alders, thick, twisted, tangled and crooked; finally through a small opening shone the brook, cool, dark and deep in places and in others swift and noisy, under whose high and overhanging banks lived many a speckled trout.

One hot summer's day this lad and his friends hustled over for a swim. First they cut a long alder pole, tying on the end a good strong string with a sharp hook (three for a cent); then they turned over stones until they found a big, fat worm, which they looped on the hook; finally they stuck their poles in the soft bank and were ready for their swim in the pool thirty feet away.

As they were diving and playing in the pool, one of the boys glanced up. One of the poles was doing the shimmy up and down, this way and that. With a yell that sounded like an Indian warwhoop he cried, "Gee! Look at Bill's pole!" Out hopped Bill and rushed for his pole; grasping it firmly he gave a mighty heave and out came the great granddaddy of all trout. Off the hook he flew; up and up went the trout; but soon he started earthward again. Bill's eyes were on him and when he struck in the soft mud near the bank the boy hurled his naked body upon him.

Soon the trout gave up the ghost after such strenuous treatment. Bill, holding up the fish so all could see, gave a shout and started for home a mile away, up through the birches, over through the pasture, stubbing his toes, stepping on every thistle in the pasture, falling over the fences, through the blackberry briers, down through the swamp, up through the meadow, and in at the back door of the house with a shout, "Ma, Ma, look at the big trout!" "Yes, son, but where are your clothes?"

This Angling Memory of my friend, Lionell F. Phillips of Philadelphia is a tribute to the gameness of a little goggle-eye. I for one shall never again look upon that small fish with my erstwhile indifference or annoyance. This story, so well told, so sincere and so appealing is enough to forever immortalize the humble goggle-eye.

I have a memory—a memory of the gamiest fish I have ever met. Was it a monster small-mouth of the river? Was it the big trout that battled for a half hour? Was it the gallant old 'wall-eye' as he charged along the lake bottom, stubbornly shaking his head, or was it the big pickerel who attacked a plug four times before being hooked? All of these were game to the last scale, but the gamest of all was a little "goggle-eye" no larger than my hand, though it must be confessed that such a comparison between hand and fish makes the little fish a giant among sunfish!

This little relative of the lordly bass infests our mountain river, and though they are reputed to be a good fish in the pan, only a millionaire can afford to hire sufficient help to prepare enough for a meal. Let but a bit of feathers drop within a mile of this member of the fish tribe and the entire goggle-eye population is on hand for the feast, with the wise old bass in the background absorbing wisdom as his small relative is gathered up in the landing net. Verily the goggle-eye is a pest to the angler, and a great educational influence on the more cautious small-mouth!

As usual, we were out after bass, drifting the canoe along the shoreline and dropping the Coachman in the numerous pockets behind the rocks and snags. In reality this bit of casting was in the nature of setting up exercises in preparation for the real goal—a large pocket or eddy some hundred yards below, and the home of some monster bass. What's that about "monster" bass? Well, if you had been with us on sundry occasions when we had hooked into a resident of the pocket, usually to lose him through fault of tackle or angler (usually the last), you would appreciate the fact that there were large bass in the river. As usual, too, we took our share and more of the pesky little goggle-eyes as we drifted to position above the pocket, and since our orders were, "Don't bring back any more sunfish," we were making a succession of splashes in the calm surface of the eddy as the sunfish made the journey from river to canoe to river. The only satisfaction we had was the thought that eventually we would have all of the local goggle-eyes sufficiently trained to enjoy some real bass fishing.

The current carried the canoe to our favorite position above the pool, and the fly settled reasonably near the spot selected for the first cast. Bang! Our first thought was "A bass at last"—but it was only another goggle-eye. "Doggone you, we'll make you sick of fly snapping" we mumbled to ourself, while we endeavored to entertain the little fish via the fly rod, as he proceeded to give a very good imitation of a bass in action, with the sole omission of the aerial acrobatics our river small-mouth are so noted for. Needless to say, in a very few minutes our little battler was done for, lying on the surface and enduring the approach of the landing net without a quiver. Possibly it was hard on the fish to play him so hard, but we were sick and tired of sunfish, and we sure wanted at least one bass to take back to the cabin.

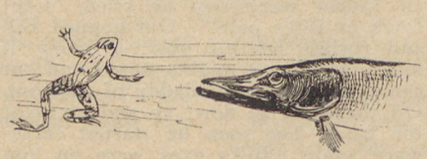
Just as we were about to net our sunfish, a living arrow appeared, going full speed ahead and too fast to determine with any accuracy whether it was pike or pickerel. It seized that poor goggle-eye just as the angler instinctively jerked the little fish from his jaws. Removing the sunfish from the scene of danger and saving him from becoming the evening meal of the big fish was merely a matter of reflex action, an instinctive move to protect our property. Calm reflection would have permitted the sunfish to remain a lure, but as it was, the sunfish escaped with a number of bad tooth marks on his sides, and the big member of the pike family continued on his way in search of another victim. True, we left the little sunfish on the hook on the off chance that the big fellow would re-appear, but luck was against us, and after a few minutes' wait we released the goggle-eye.

Now it so happened that we had started out with two objects in view, the catching of a bass or two, and the gathering of the evening mail, not to mention sundry loaves of bread and other edibles at the village store. As a result we decided to let the pool quiet down to its normal state while we did our errands, and it was not until some thirty minutes later that we returned, full of renewed hope of capturing a bass of respectable size.

Again we tried the Coachman in the little pocket behind the big rock, in the whirlpool that denoted a hidden snag, but no fish rose to the lure. The fly again lighted on the water, there was a golden flash, a graceful bending of the slender rod, and—another goggle-eye was hooked. No! By thunder, it was the same goggle-eye who had escaped sudden death not a half hour ago because of that relic from our primitive days, reflex action. The little devil wasn't satisfied with nursing a sore jaw, a half dozen painful gashes in his tough sides, a state of lassitude induced by a fast and furious bout with a flyrod, not to mention the peculiar experience of making an ascension into alien air at the end of a line, but he needs must try his luck on the same little Coachman that had been the cause of all these exciting and painful events!

All of us have had experiences and seen evidences of extraordinary courage, not only in man but in other and lower animals. We have seen the baseball player continue the game with broken fingers, know that men went over the top in the face of withering machine gun fire, have witnessed the high courage of the dying buck deer as he stood off the dogs, but have we ever given a thought to the courage that possesses the victims of our rod and reel? Have we done more than to make a passing comment on the gamey fight of this bass or that trout; have we given thought to the almost hopeless battle that our smaller fishes make? Or do we put them on the fish stringer to die a lingering death or throw them back with a curse when they are too small to keep, without thought or care if they survive the experience?

It is with no feeling of shame, but rather with a defiant gladness that we confess to placing that little warrior in the spring house, there to recover from his wounds. The children kept him well supplied, if not regularly at least bountifully, with flies and grasshoppers, even shedding tears when the summer ended, and our goggle-eye friend was returned to the river to fight his own struggle for existence and to take his place again with the goggle-eyes of the river pools. You may sing of the leaping salmon, the flying bluefish, the darting trout, but in that golden dab of fish resided the soul of a warrior.



Here is the story of one that got away. The thrill of the instant's glimpse of the big pike is vividly portrayed by Mr. E. L. Baldwin of Fulton, N. Y. Brother Baldwin's prayer that he may again there in the picturesque Oswego meet the old pirate is echoed by us all.

Since I read the first "Angling Memory" in the Izaak Walton Monthly, I, too, have gained a fishing memory, which, though very recent, is equally poignant. Also, as in so many of the other stories, the fish most vitally concerned in this memory got away. It goes without saying that he was one of the largest that I have been able to fasten to in a good many summers of intensive trying.

Every experienced fisherman recognizes the call of the lakes and streams where the bass and pickerel hang out, when September comes around with her cool nights and snappy mornings, which gradually give place to the pleasant warm haze of late afternoon. After keeping to the depths during the hot months, the bass seem to want to get out and make the most of what is left of warm weather, before they are safely locked under the ice. In the Great Lakes region in general, and our own particular river, the Oswego and tributary streams, in New York State, September and early October find the game fish at their best, whether it be either variety of bass, great northern pike, or wall eyes, that the angler tries his wiles upon.

For several weeks I had been fishing an especially promising spot about four miles above town, where an abandoned canal leads back into the river. This canal is open at both ends and carries a considerable current from where it leaves the river two miles above, to this point, where it empties back into the main stream. For the information of the uninitiated, I would say, right here, that the Oswego holds everything in the fish line that any well stocked stream in the country can boast. The fisherman can find here any variety of fish he may desire, outside of the trout family, and some that never are desirable, such as ling, gar pike and the ever present muddy carp.

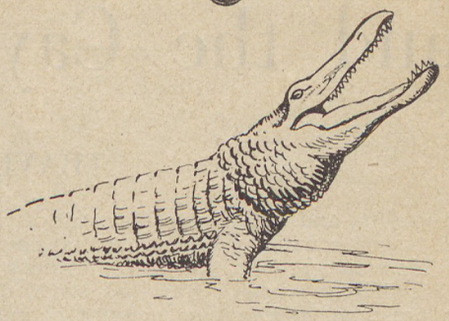
But, as before mentioned, I had been working this locality with varying success, and had found that the bass hanging out in those parts could be induced to take grasshoppers and oftentimes half-grown frogs. No northern pike had struck my baits, but I was living in equal parts of hope and expectancy. My expectations were realized, but not in a very satisfying manner.

On the day which fate had decreed should furnish me with my memory I did not leave town until late in the afternoon, and when I stopped the car at the river bank the sun was already touching the hills across the river, and saying goodbye to a world that was very still and peaceful with just a hint of the approaching dampness and chill of the night. As usual at this time of the year, a slight vapor hung over the warm water. I fished several likely spots around the old lock at the mouth of the canal and could raise nothing better than a few short bass on the grasshoppers I was using. No fish seemed to be feeding on the surface of the water and things looked far from promising. This seemed to be one of the many times when the bacon refused to be brought home. After a time, as it became evident that the hoppers were not just the thing, I looked around for some unlucky frog with which to tempt the fish into action. Even the frogs seemed to be sitting tight on this particular evening, and it was with some trouble that I finally secured a rather large specimen, in fact much larger than I would have used could a smaller one have been obtained. It took some effort to get the hook properly set in his slippery and animated skin, and after getting this formality complied with, I walked down to the little bay where the canal widened into the open river. There is a bed of rushes next to deep water here that looked especially inviting, and had already yielded several good ones on other trips.

There was one important consideration anent my use of the overgrown frog, for if anything had the temerity to strike at this bait he was bound to be of a goodly size, or he could never get the frog into his mouth.

Out he went for the first cast. I worked the line in gradually, giving him plenty of time to kick around and raise a commotion in the water. For a quarter of an hour I worked the edge of the rushes and out into the open water as far as I could reach. My frog was lively and continued to flounder about invitingly on the surface, but nothing took him. Eventually I placed one cast far out toward the end of the little point and very close to the cattails. Master frog rested on the surface for a moment with no movement and that was when IT happened. I saw a sudden swirl in the form of a half circle in the water. The commotion came to a head when the bait rested on the water and a great black snout showed for a split second, and immediately gave place to an equally large tail. The frog disappeared, there was a savage jerk on the line and my reel commenced to take several notes above high C. What can beat a moment like that? But I immediately became aware that the thick bed of rushes was very, very close, and I was also poignantly reminded that my line was old and frayed and never intended for a scene like this. The brief glimpse of his head and tail had told me that the fish was a pickerel, or great northern pike, and if the rest of his anatomy corresponded with the parts I had seen, I knew that he was of a size amply able to take care of himself. This latter was one of the consolations I had for not landing him. The combination of that dangerously close bed of cattails, the large amount of line I had out, and finally the size of the fish, himself, was too much for my limited skill. I gave him a few yards to allow him to swallow the frog, and he took a good many more before I could get control of the rod enough to try to set the hook. For just a moment, as the strain came on the line, I could feel his gyrations out there in the water. Then it went slack and I pulled in my heavy hook with a small piece of the frog still clinging to it. The great moment was over, and I had nothing to show for it, but the memory will ever remain alongside those of other days when the end of the story was sometimes happier, but oftener the same. After this there was little left to do but hike back to the car and run home, fighting the battle and feeling the thrills incidental to it over and over again. The light failed and night crept out over the still water, which looked so quiet that it was difficult to associate its placidity with the savage old pirate whom I knew lurked somewhere below, even now feeling the sting of my hook in his mouth.

He commanded respect by his sheer size and strength—an animated flash of energetic and lordly life. But if the time comes when his piratical career is to end, I would humbly petition the Red Gods that I, who already have felt the mighty surge of his power, may be the instrument of his undoing. Then, and only then, could I complete the memory picture begun and ended almost in the space of a breath that warm-scented September evening on the picturesque banks of the old Oswego.



My old friend, Harry Lyons, of Evanston sends us this tale of Florida "wild life"; Harry Lyons is one of the peppiest fishermen of my acquaintance and one of the most enthusiastic members of our League. He is lucky enough to be spending the next three months fishing in Florida, so we may hope for another Angling Memory from him.

It was in 1897, in Taylor County, Florida, that I made my first acquaintance with a real, wild alligator in its natural habitat. Since then, while spending six winter seasons in the State, I have met up with a great many ranging in size from babies to fourteen foot monsters of unbelievable size, the latter said to be 400 years old and they look it. Out of the several hundred it has been my good fortune to observe from time to time, I have killed just one.

Something should be done to protect the alligators of Florida, or the end of the 'gators is not far away. Tourists are now the worst offenders in the useless and lamentable slaughter of these picturesque amphibians. Let an alligator be discovered sunning itself on a bank, and from a passing launch comes the spit of a rifle in the hands of a winter visitor. There would not be an alligator in Florida today, outside of captivity, were it not for the fact that they lie dormant except on the hottest winter days, and are asleep, hidden from sight in caves. What between the Floridian hide-hunters, and the "let's-kill-him-tourists," the purely unobtrusive 'gator runs a gauntlet all his life.

There are occasions when we will all kill, especially if a little fear enters into the situation. And when I destroyed the one, solitary 'gator that I ever shot, I did not like his ways and manners, nor his willingness to stick around so close to me. Every once in a while, with Judge W. F. Rightmier, of Stuart, Fla., I had been accustomed to fishing a pond lying back from the east bank of the north fork of the St. Lucie river, and only about a mile or so from the village. At one time, before I got a light canvas canoe, I used to wade that pond. Indeed, I have swum to a small shaky muck and reed island in its center, carrying my rod and reel in one hand, so as to get to what I saw was the deepest part. The Judge and I have broiled many a bass on the shores of that little secluded piney-woods pond.

'Gators are migratory, or rather, 'gators travel overland from pond to pond, and one is never sure whether or not any little body of water does or does not harbor one. There may not have been a 'gator around for months, and the next visit to a pond will show one or more. So, although I have waded fifty Florida lakes, some of them large, wide and deep, and have gone in swimming in them when alone and a long way from any possible assistance, I will never do so again. Unless I have a boat, I'll cast from the banks, or postpone fishing, for in any lake might lurk a hungry 'gator, eight to ten feet long, quite capable of dining de luxe on a luckless swimmer. They catch and kill dogs and hogs with a stealthy attack that outwits caution, so I prefer to be on terra firma or in a boat when fishing strange ponds, lakes or rivers in dear old Florida.

But to get back to the 'gator that I shot. For several days, while fishing this pond in my 48-lb. canvas canoe that was very small indeed, I had seen his 'gatorship. That reptile had no fear of me whatever. He was altogether too self-possessed and friendly to suit. I was fishing with live bait, and he seemed to know there was something good to eat attached to the line I threw out. He would swim over and examine the cork. He even chewed it a little. But he would not stick his head under and bite the little bream I was using as bait. Then again he would lie within fifty feet of my canoe and regard me with a cold, repellant eye. When this had occurred three days hand-running, I got annoyed enough to decide to remove that 'gator from the pond, and I told Judge Rightmier about it. That dear old man is not blood-thirsty, and on the contrary can look at quail and rabbits with no wish to bag them, but he said: "All right, go kill the 'gator. I'll come along and watch you do it. Bet you miss him."

So the Judge and I went to the pond, and I slipped the canoe in the water, and with my shotgun carrying two buckshot shells, got in and paddled out. The Judge stayed ashore. It takes a skiff to hold the Judge, for he weighs somewhat over 200 lbs. I was not in mid-pond before the inquisitive pest appeared, with his head showing nicely above the water, and only 50 or 60 feet away from me. So I cut down on him and fired, but shot too high. "Ha, ha," laughed the Judge, "I knew you'd miss him. He's gone now for good." I thought so, too, but paddled fast toward where the 'gator had dived, and inside of two minutes got another and closer shot. This time it was no miss. I learned afterward that besides destroying one eye, I had lifted off part of the top of that 'gator's head. Over on his back he flopped, his two fore legs feebly waving as if in mute protest, and I paddled up alongside quickly and took hold of one leg. But the canoe painter was out of my reach, and when I let go of the 'gator to get the rope, the creature sank, nor could I get hold of the body with a big hook lashed to a pole.

Two days later I came again to the pond, and the 'gator was up, floating, but too dead to skin, so I passed a rope around the body, towed it ashore and let the wild animals and turtles have a feast. They picked it down to the hardest bones. It was a trifle over eight feet long.

I could tell lots of true 'gator stories, —how I caught a 3-ft. 'gator on a hook and fought him with rod and reel, and landed him. Or I could tell of the pet 'gator I had that I named "Pete," who would "smile" at the children, bless him. Or the 'gators of One-Mile Lake. Or—but this story is too long right now.

Think of it—this magazine—one year—one dollar

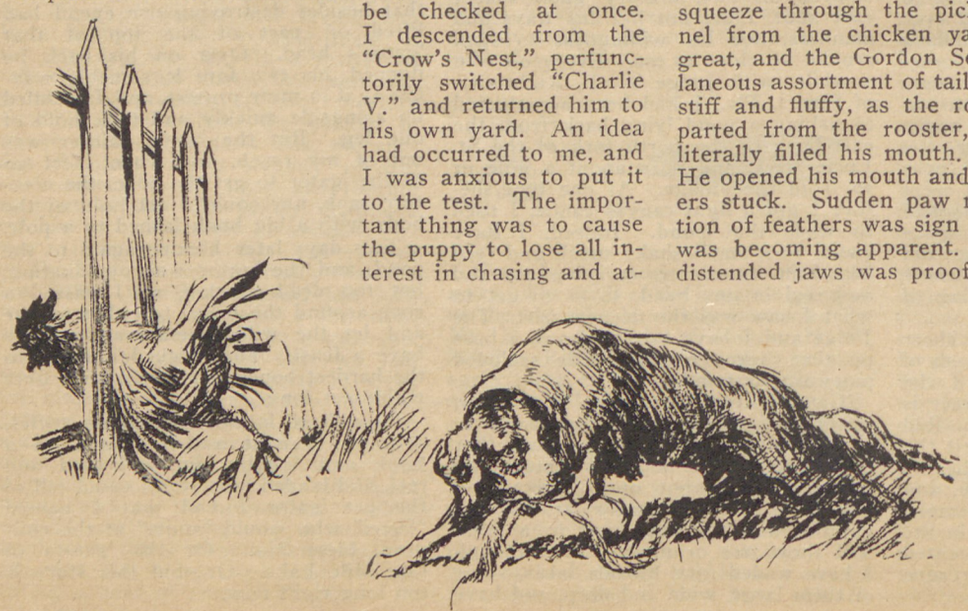
"Charlie V." and the Cayenne Pepper

By
TRAVERS D. CARMAN

HE was a Gordon Setter, full of vitality, and bubbling over with mischief. All tragic situations held for him a humorous side. He would prance about in great glee, barking his delight whenever another dog was whipped in his presence, and in sudden contrition with an apologetic air, lick with eager sympathetic tongue the dog after punishment had been inflicted. He knew when he had done wrong himself, would come in without hesitation when called and take a switching without a whimper. On the hunting field he was always dependable, had a true nose, and was remarkably staunch. He cared for but two people, his master and mistress, my father and mother, welcomed me as a playmate, and tolerated me as his occasional substitute handler on the field.

I recall an amusing incident in his puppy days. His kennel was separated only by a picket fence from the chicken yard—to him the promised land of mischief and adventure. He had repeatedly tunneled under the baseboard of this fence to gain access into the chicken yard, there to point the timid hens and frequently caper madly in a frenzy of delight after the indignant and pompous rooster, when that conceited individual lost his arrogance and haughty manner, and with bewildered squawking resorted to disorderly retreat under the henhouse.

I had witnessed several of these escapades of "Charlie V.'s," and had returned him each time to his own kennel with a serious scolding and light punishment, for I did not believe that he was prompted by more than a surplus of puppy spirits and mis-directed energy. Upon the day in question, I was reading in my "Crow's Nest" which I had built well up in the old apple tree that grew alongside of the chicken yard and partially shaded it. Hearing dirt and pebbles falling continuously, accompanied with the sound of an occasional grunt, I looked down to see "Charlie V." again digging under the baseboard. The tunnel accomplished, he squeezed through, shook himself, and proceeded to indiscriminately point the entire flock of startled chickens. The rooster apparently had not slept well and was suffering from a severe attack of nerves, for after an exclamation of alarm he started "on high" for his refuge of safety under the henhouse. "Charlie V." enthusiastically followed him and returned with several white tail feathers clinging to his mouth. This was not only "rough stuff" for the rooster, but threatened the development of bad habits later on, and must therefore be checked at once. I descended from the "Crow's Nest," perfunctorily switched "Charlie V." and returned him to his own yard. An idea had occurred to me, and I was anxious to put it to the test. The important thing was to cause the puppy to lose all interest in chasing and attempting to catch anything with feathers and wings, anything that could flutter along the ground or fly. Unless this lesson was learned once and for all, and in a way that would eliminate desire to yield when tempted, no amount of whipping would restrain him in the excitement of the hunting field from running in and chasing when birds were flushed, or from mouthing when birds were retrieved. But as I said, an idea had occurred to me—somewhat heroic but possibly effective. I therefore took him out of his kennel and locked him up for the time being in a box stall, secured from the cook some cayenne pepper, returned to the chicken yard, extracted with difficulty the rooster who was still under the henhouse and had not yet recovered from his recent nervous attack, wet the feathers on his southern area, in spite of his violent protest, applied the cayenne pepper to the moistened parts, and placed him in "Charlie V.'s" kennel. I then went after "Charlie V.," brought him out of the stall, and put him back in his kennel.



Cowardice often betrays one, where courage may save the day. The rooster had perched upon the lower branch of a peach tree in the kennel run. Upon the unexpected appearance of "Charlie V." the rooster attempted a right-about face on his perch, the better to view the enemy, and in his nervousness fell to the ground, and squawking tragically, sought to regain the safety of the peach tree. "Charlie V." was amazed at the presence of the rooster in his own yard, but true to instinct, stood and pointed him for a moment. This was followed almost immediately by a wag of his tail and then a rapid look behind him to see what my attitude was in general, and in particular towards his more intimate relation with the rooster. I was in the act of leaving the kennel, and so after awaiting my complete exit and sound of kennel door shut, "Charlie V." turned to again consider the niceties of the situation and the interesting actions of his friend the rooster. The latter had attempted to regain his perch and was hanging to it by the upper part of his neck and extended bill, wings beating frantically to sustain him there. But no avail, and he slipped ingloriously back to the ground. The situation seemed to require closer inspection, and "Charlie V." moved up, tail mischievously wagging, ears elevated, head on one side, and eyes dancing. Given completely over to panic, the rooster now made a wild dash past "Charlie V." and attempted to squeeze through the picket fence separating the kennel from the chicken yard. The temptation was too great, and the Gordon Setter set his teeth in a miscellaneous assortment of tail feathers, both large and small, stiff and fluffy, as the rooster went by. The feathers parted from the rooster, remained with the dog, and literally filled his mouth. I watched him with interest. He opened his mouth and shook his head, but the feathers stuck. Sudden paw raised to assist in the elimination of feathers was sign to me that the cayenne pepper was becoming apparent. Both front paws applied to distended jaws was proof that the cayenne pepper was growing active. Diligent application of paws to jaws, coughing, grunting, a whine of self pity, a hasty visit to the bucket of water, loss of all interest in the rooster, and final retirement to his dirt wallow in crestfallen manner, made me hope that the lesson would be remembered. I left the rooster there and at the end of a week rooster and dog were

(Continued on page 181)

Angling Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE

Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

IF you have been cudgelling your brain in a futile effort to decide what you shall give to that angling friend of yours for Christmas, you can't go amiss—if he be a book lover—should you send him either of the books below named.

From the Riverside Press of Houghton-Mifflin & Co. comes "Recreation" by Viscount Grey of Falloden, British Minister of Foreign Affairs in the fateful year 1914, and author of one of the most charming of modern books on fly fishing.

"Recreation" is a reprint of an address delivered at the Harvard Union, December 8, 1919. Attempting to quote from the forty-three pages that make up this attractive little volume is like quoting from "The Compleat Angler." One feels like putting it all in, for the fragments quoted give no adequate idea of the beauty of the whole.

"Recreation is only one of the things that makes for happiness in life."

"I have had a liking for more than one form of sport, but an actual passion for salmon and trout fishing."

"Salmon fishing from one's feet, either on the bank or wading deep in the stream, is a glorious and sustained exercise for the whole body, as well as being an exciting sport."

"The best salmon and trout fishing in Great Britain ends in September and begins again in March. In October I used to find myself looking forward to salmon fishing in the next March and lie awake in bed fishing in imagination until I felt I was spending too much time, not in actual fishing, but in sheer looking forward to it. I made it a rule, therefore, that I would not fish pools in imagination before the first of January, so that I might not spend more than two months of spare time in anticipation alone."

"Books are the greatest and the most satisfactory of recreations. I mean the use of books for pleasure. Poetry is the greatest literature, and pleasure in poetry is the greatest of literary pleasures."

The author gives a most interesting account of a day spent with Colonel Roosevelt in Hampshire to hear and identify the songs of English birds, and pays a fine tribute to Roosevelt as man, statesman, naturalist, and man of letters, as well as to America for sending two million soldiers across the sea in so short a time to risk their lives for an ideal.

"Cultivate the feeling that the natural world has beauty in it. Consider the seasons, the joy of spring, the splendour of the summer, the sunset colors of the autumn, the delicate and graceful bareness of winter trees, the beauty of snow, the beauty of light upon the waters—what an old Greek called the unnumbered smiling of the sea."

"If, as years go on, we can feel the beauty of the world as Wordsworth felt it, then we have indeed a recreation which will give us not merely pleasure, but strength, refreshment, and confidence. Cultivate the enjoyment of the beauty of Nature which costs nothing and is everywhere for everybody."

Of the two thousand or more authors of books upon fish and fishing, not even the luminous and voluminous Radcliffe has covered in its entirety the particular field so comprehensively treated by Major John Waller Hills in "A History of Fly Fishing for Trout," published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, price, $3.50.

The following is a synopsis of the contents:

"Sporting Literature in French and English."
"The Treatise of Fyshing with an Angle."
"From the Treatise to the Complete Angler."
"Early Fly Fishing in France."
"Charles Cotton and his Contemporaries."
"From Cotton to Stewart."
"Stewart and the Up-Stream School."
"The Dry Fly."
"The Evolution of the Trout Fly."
"The Literature of Fly Fishing."

The author begins the history with the close of the fifteenth century—after casual reference to Aelian's Macedonian angler—and gives an epitome of books on hunting, which preceded and formed the model upon which the Treatise of Fyshing with an Angle was founded and reviews every writer of note upon the subject of fly fishing from Dame Juliana to Halford.

A bibliography of one hundred and eighteen volumes attests the diligence and thoroughness of the author, who aptly says: "No sport has a finer literature than fishing, and no part of that literature is finer than that devoted to the fly."

This is his estimate of Walton: "Walton is not one of the great English prose writers, but he is one of the most pleasing. The charm of his style lies in the revelation which it gives of the man. Behind the printed page there always stands Walton himself, shrewd and critical, but also tolerant and kindly. No one has better adapted style to matter, or has known better how to say what is best and deepest in his subject, even when dealing with what appears transitory or trivial. For him, love of fishing was woven inextricably with love of books and love of English country life."

In his opinion Lord Gray was the first writer of importance on the dry fly who really knew what a wet fly meant, and quotes from that writer: "When spring comes round, there surges within you a spirit of resentment and indignation, kept in abeyance during the actual hours of hard work, but asserting itself at all other times, and you pass through the streets, feeling like an unknown alien, who has no part in the bustle and life of London. Work alone, however interesting, cannot neutralize all this because it is only partly by the mind that we live. We live also by the affections and where out-of-door things make these the irresistible appeal which they do make to some natures, it is impossible to live in London without great sacrifice."

(Continued on next page)

"Adequate reviewing of worthy sporting literature is to my mind a very important feature of an outdoor magazine."
GEO. PARKER HOLDEN

He represents Francis as saying: "Some fishing is better than others; but there is no such thing as bad fishing," and tells us that Andrew Lang loved fishing so well that he cared not if he caught fish or not. He loved the game, and was never so happy as by a river.

In closing the author says: "There must be others also, like myself, whom the history of the sport attracts, who are fascinated by the devices of other days, and who are never weary of going back to the old writers, of reading them again, of getting at their real meaning, and of seeing where they have anticipated us and where we have improved on them."

In Mr. Triplett's "The Greatest Angling Classic," in the November number, the types erred in stating that Walton was born December 9 and died in 1693, instead of August 9 and 1683 as written.

Books for review in the Izaak Walton League Monthly may be mailed direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

Six Years With the Texas Rangers
By Capt. Gillett
"The sort of book the late Col. Roosevelt would have enjoyed."
"Once you've started it you hate to lay it aside."
A true story of the thrilling adventures of America's "Mounted Police" in clearing the Texas Frontier of Indians and desperadoes. 332 pages; illustrated.
Edition limited. $2.50 prepaid.
Glad to send a descriptive folder.
J. B. GILLETT Box 258 Marfa, Texas

Famous Fishing Lines

"Fishing is like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it."—Izaak Walton.

"It must not be forgotten that the flies recommended in Cotton's addenda to Walton's "Compleat Angler," published in 1653, are even now among the most deadly for trout, not only in England, but in America."—William C. Harris.

* * *

"Persephone, fulfill my wish, and grant that in the shades below my ghost may land the ghosts of fish!"—Andrew Lang.

* * *

"—a liking for adventure, intense love of nature in her wildest dress, and a strange fondness for being in deep forests by myself."—Nessmuk.

* * *

"I knew the brook in spring when it ran riot, in summer when it had dwindled to a tiny thread, in the autumn, when the life along its banks was nipped by the first frost, and in the winter when Jack Frost had sealed up all the pools for their winter sleep."—Clarence Hawkes.

* * *

"The salmon will show one day the courage and voracity of a hungry lion, the next the timidity of a hare."—Dean Sage.

"A forced conversation and loitering about any person while fishing, is considered extremely rude among anglers."—Thos. Fred. Salter, 1823.

* * *

"The fisher of little streams is born, not made."—O. W. Smith.

* * *

"Each angler will soon adopt a few flies for his own fishing and he will swear by them on all occasions; and this is one of the glorious privileges of the art of angling—as a father naturally thinks his own children the best, smartest and handsomest."—Dr. Henshall.

* * *

"Simpson.—Have you ever seen any American books on angling, Fisher?

"Fisher.—No. I do not think there are any published. Brother Jonathan is not yet sufficiently civilized to produce anything original on the gentle art. There is good trout-fishing in America, and the streams, are much less fished than in our own Island, 'from the small number of gentlemen,' as an American writer says, 'who are at leisure to give their time to it.' "—William Andrew Chatto: The Angler's Souvenir. (London 1835.)

An Ideal Xmas Present

A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT

YES, **STUBBY ROD** and **REEL** will make an Ideal Xmas Present for your Red-Blooded Fisherman Friend. He will certainly appreciate a Complete Outfit like Stubby that can be carried in

His Pocket, Tackle Box or Traveling Bag

Special Features: Single Action Aluminum Reel, Rubberoid Finished Handles, Imitation Agate Tip, and Spring Drag with Bakelite Brake Button.

Packed in attractive colored carton with wood-setting pin. A Reasonably Priced Gift that will be appreciated by any Red-Blooded Fisherman.

Rod, Reel and All Complete, Only **$3.00**

"To Get the Maximum of Enjoyment Out of Fishing is to Use a Stubby Rod and Reel."

STUBBY FISHING TACKLE THE AMERICAN DISPLAY CO DAYTON, OHIO, USA

Ask Your Dealer

Send for interesting booklets on "Stubby Brand Fishing Tackle."

THE AMERICAN DISPLAY COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

WANT MORE DUCKS, FISH, GAME?
Plant the necessary natural food and shelter plants to make feeding and breeding grounds for them. Write for literature and expert advice on 35 important food and shelter plants suitable for almost every purpose and condition.
Terrell's Aquatic Farm, Dept. W. Oshkosh, Wis.

THOUSANDS OF WILD DUCKS
are dropping into marshes where Wild Rice, Wild Celery and other duck foods grow. Expert planting advice and literature on request
Terrell's Aquatic Farm, Dept. W225, Oshkosh, Wis.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

is the author of a wonderful poem based on the ancient Indian legend of

THE FIRE BIRD

Every child in America—and many of us no longer children—are debtors to Gene Stratton-Porter. Her books of the Limberlost are wonder tales, and her thousands of readers will welcome her as an American poet. ***Price $1.75***

Published by

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., NEW YORK

"All Together, Heave!"

By

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

(Conclusion of Cover Editorial)

their hills. With the vanished water have vanished the finny inhabitants and the wealth of furred animals that lived on the banks.

The same orgy of waste prevailed everywhere, but undoubtedly the sins of wasted timber and of water are the deepest of all our thoughtless extravagances.

Today, we are squarely facing the problem of reparation for **we must make reparation** or we must meet disaster. There is no question of whether we will or not, perforce **we must as a matter of protection,** of personal comfort. If we do not want our land to dry up and blow away we must replace at least in part our lost trees. We must conserve the water that remains. **We must save every brook and stream and lake,** we must even protect our swamp and marsh land in order that the moisture which is distilled shall return to us in rain. If we would not fail of crops and fruit we must protect our birds in order to insure ourselves of their work as insect exterminators.

In my childhood such a thing as a crop failing from drought or being destroyed by pests was unknown, now, in the same state, I have seen entire orchards killed in one season through being denuded of their foliage by an attack of tent caterpillars during midsummer heat. Many men today are being forced to put artificial water systems on their land to take the place of the vanished rains. Very speedily we are coming to the place where, if we would not know famine such as comes periodically to Ireland, to India and to China, **we must save the natural resources, which remain to us. We** must replace, as lies in our power, our timber lands and for the sake of that beauty which is absolutely necessary to the development of the soul to the fullest enjoyment of life, we must protect the natural beauty remaining to us, the flowers, the birds, the fish.

The only purpose in reviewing what has passed, lies in its serving as a warning and a stimulant for the future. **The case is imperative; the work** necessary to protect, to preserve, to propagate natural resources for the future **is up to every one of us.** If we desire comfort, food and beauty for ourselves and **any sort of a heritage at all to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a hand to enlarge the circulation and to bear out the principles and the purposes that this magazine has been launched to accomplish.** Each of us must help with every enterprise on foot to save to the state and to the nation every remaining natural resource. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do, we are now facing a fair and square presentment of what we must do and **those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need, must furnish the motor power for those less responsive.** Work must be done. **It is the time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength.**

Once as a child, I recall watching a foreman erect the structure of a barn with mighty hewed timbers. At his command the men working for him took their places and when he cried "All together, Heave!" the big square timbers left the earth and dropped into their places. **One man could not have done this work nor could two or three, but working in unison** for the same purpose **many men could do it.** The time has come to band ourselves together to save the natural formations, the products, the beautiful decoration of our beloved home-land—"All together, Heave!"

Two Big Things Every Sportsman Can Do

No man owns this magazine any more than any man owns this National Organization; neither has OUR magazine any stockholders—therefore we have no dividends to pay to any man or to any syndicate of men who have combined or pooled themselves together for the dollars they can make out of the American Sportsman and from the exploitation of OUR OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Our magazine is owned by OUR LEAGUE. It is owned by the entire membership of the League. **You must get this fact thoroughly sunk into your mind and heart.** There are many concerns manufacturing articles whose advertising we cannot take and live up to our high principles. Surely you see therefore that it is your bounden duty to make OUR Magazine PAY ADVERTISERS. This we can only do through **your help** and the League expects you to favor the advertisers who patronize **our magazine** which means helping OUR LEAGUE.

With this issue we are giving you the finest outdoor magazine ever printed in the world. You cannot do a brother sportsman a bigger favor than to get him to subscribe for this magazine. Never has there been given so much for $1.00 per year. Compare our magazine with the average outdoor magazine at $2.50 per year and judge for yourself. Only by getting together a huge circulation can **our magazine** carry the message of National Organization effectively. You can HELP us to carry this message by getting five subscriptions. It's easy, my brother, to get five subscribers for our magazine as we at headquarters **know.** Some have sent in as many as fifty. Understand this is your magazine and you must help support it by answering its advertisements and by sending in subscriptions.

Think of it—this magazine—one year—one dollar

Are You a Magdalenian?

(Continued from page 149)

lure, until they had passed us with the unsolicited information that they had about the limit.

My companion eyed them in sardonic silence. Then pointing to the bait boxes strapped over their bellies, he said:

"'Look at 'em! Flaunting their badges of shame!'

"So it is, in these days of depleted lakes and streams, the man who makes his killings in the easiest manner is no longer regarded as quite respectable by the elect. The use of a dry fly tied on a barbless hook is the essence of angling refinement. I'm with you heart and soul and fly-box!"

Cordially,
(Signed) Harold Titus.

DR. WILLIAM A. PUTNAM is a barbless enthusiast of many years' standing as his letter will prove:

Southampton, October 17, 1922.

Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

I read your article in the September number of the Izaak Walton League Monthly with great interest, and I subscribe to Mr. Dilg's designation of you as the "avatar of the barbless hook" for certainly you are the only one, so far as I know, who has brought prominently to the attention of fishermen, the only sure way of preserving our gamey fish for the coming generations.

I tried thirty years ago, personally, to induce members of the old "Adirondack Club" to try the barbless, and gave them many of my trout and bass flies to try, but they invariably said they "lost so many good ones" that they "had" to give them up! Which was all rot; they were good fly casters but too impatient and anxious to blow about, and bring in a good string.

I shall never forget my first experience in trying to catch bass with a barbless. In 1880 our club decided to stock Lake Sanford with bass, as it possessed all the requisites of bass life, rocky and sandy shores and bottom, plenty of feed, etc. So we sent over to Schroon Lake and got fifty-four matured ones, brought them over in a hogshead and dumped them in our lake (with the loss of only two). We then agreed not to fish for them for five years! I was one of three to be up there in May, 1885, when the time was up, and when the law allowed us to fish for bass (Decoration Day, I think). I was down on that lake bright and early, and made my first cast with my barbless towards the shore of a rocky island, but like a darned fool, I put on two flies, and zip, went my two flies, struck at once by two bass, which rushed off in separate directions. Consequently the flies and snells went with them. He gently suggested I had better put on barbed flies, but I only put on one barbless and caught twenty-one before we went home for dinner, retaining six.

My age (seventy-five) now prevents me from indulging in "barbless" fishing, but I want to thank you again for taking up the good work and subscribe myself,

Admiringly yours,
(Signed) William A. Putnam.

Pipe-chats

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Semi-Official "Bishop" of the League

I HAVE many many acquaintances but only a few friends. Life is too complicated and the demands of friendship too exacting for a man to have many friends. I am not using the word "friends" with the usual elasticity. Whenever I hear a person in speaking of another say, "He has hundreds of friends" I know that irrespective of the one of whom they speak that it is not true. All too loosely do we use the word "friend." Someone has defined a friend as—"one who knows all about you and yet loves you." I have such a friend. He came into my life twenty years ago. As a boy at home in the little village of Linden on the banks of the Shiawasee River, I first met him. He was a speaker on a lecture course. His subject was "Play Ball." I attended that lecture and although I did not meet the lecturer personally until some years later, I am doing what I am today as the result of that character coming to our little town so long ago. The years passed on. One morning a few years ago from the pulpit of my own church in Chicago I saw sitting in the audience—that lecturer. Before I closed my address I told the people of the influence of that man on my life. I tried to pay him the deserved tribute for what he had meant to me. After the close of the service—we met. We were friends from that moment, and will be until one of us hits the last trail that leads over the Great Divide. Whichever one of us stays will have a precious memory. His name is Henry Clark, and he is known to thousands of Americans through the country for his brilliant platform utterances and his distinguished oratorical ability. He is at present lecturer for the People's Church of Virginia, Minnesota, where every Sunday morning he addresses a large audience composed of the representative leaders of that great Range County. He visits me once a year in our wilderness home—Arden Lodge—located out 600 miles north of Chicago, on the beautiful Lake Vermilion, not far from the Canadian Border. Many evenings have we sat in front of our cheery wood-fire together. We have chatted there about many things—religion, literature, philosophy, art and nature. Sometimes we have spent a whole evening without uttering a dozen sentences, each one left to his own reveries. But whether we talked or communed in sweet silence there was one thing we both did—we smoked our pipes. The fire might burn low, the wind outside increase in fury—the waves might compose incomparable music as they washed against the shore, the timber wolf might rend the midnight with his uncanny bark, all this might happen—still we smoked on. There we were, miles from a railroad, an automobile, a telegraph office—out where the real worth of a man is known—well, the other day I received a letter from Henry and he eloquently wrote of waiting for the summer to come when we could have some more of our "pipe-chats." The words have been haunting me ever since and when Will Dilg asked me the other day to write a column for the Monthly, immediately I said, "Yes, if you will let me call it 'Pipe Chats.' If I can write in a conversational tone—ramble when I like—be silent when I choose—just open up my heart to my fellow sportsmen and talk with them as though we were all together sitting round my open fire, smoking our pipes." He assured me that the idea suited his policy for the Monthly exactly, so with this introduction, I ask all who love the open spaces, all who are companions of the trees and comrades with the stars, all who love the music of the birds and the joy of water, wind and wave, all who know what it means to love and be loved by a faithful dog, you who never stay indoors when you can be out of doors, all of you, who know the thrill of a "tight line"—gather round, fill up your pipes—we're going to have some "chats" together.

To the Reverend Preston Bradley the Izaak Walton League of America is veritably a Call to Arms. Dr. Bradley was one of the fifty-four charter members of the mother chapter of this National organization. He has made many speeches to audiences running into the thousands for this League, and he has carried the message throughout the nation. Dr. Bradley is the Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, and his congregation will average three thousand each Sunday. Volumes might be written and not say more about this wonderful personality.

Preston Bradley

The Book of the Black Bass

By Dr. James A. Henshall — Stuart Kidd, Pubs.

THIS great book has made more angling history than any volume devoted to inland fishing ever published. It is invaluable to every angler and it seems incredible that every American angler has not a well thumbed copy on his shelf of angling volumes.

The Book of the Black Bass is tremendously interesting and I whole-heartedly advise every fisherman to buy a copy and to buy it NOW. It is a book to be read over and over again and personally I would not trade my copy for a hundred dollars if I could not buy another for three dollars.

—*Will H. Dilg*

News of the Chapters

THE CATALINA CHAPTER

Zane Grey, famous sea angler, whose name is synonymous with love of Outdoor America, and a priceless knowledge of lonely trails both by land and sea, is the President of the newly formed Catalina Island Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. J. A. Wiborn, known to all readers of Zane Grey's fishing stories as "Lone Angler," and R. C. Grey, Zane Grey's brother, are respectively Vice President and Secretary, and Ralph Bandini is Treasurer. There are not four men in the United States more wholeheartedly and unselfishly interested in the future of Outdoor America.

PRESIDENT ILLINOIS CHAPTERS NEWLY ELECTED

Dr. Walter D. Ritchie, President of the Bloomington Chapter, honored by election to the presidency of the Illinois chapters of the Izaak Walton League, is receiving congratulations. He states that the main task of the state organization at present is the drafting of a state fish and game bill, to be presented at the next session of the state legislature. Seven Illinois chapters donated $300 to be used in drafting the bill.

Frank D. Blair, attorney, of Minneapolis, Minn., will be the author of the bill. Mr. Blair offered his services to the organization, and has already begun work on the bill.

The bill is intended to do away with the inadequate protection afforded fish and game under the present law, which was enacted in 1919. It will be an "iron clad" document, designed to protect stringently all game and fish, and to provide more severe legislation against the promiscuous pollution of streams.

All members of the league are requested to send in suggestions concerning the wording and subject material of the proposed bill, and all other chapters in the state are also urged to do the same.

It is expected that hundreds of suggestions will be turned in and that a bill which will be a "model" in every way will be drawn up.

The proposed law will be introduced into the lower house during the first week of its session in January, and it is expected that it will be sufficiently supported to insure its passage.

THE KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, CHAPTER

An official Kansas City Chapter has been formed and named "The Heart of America" Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. The initial meeting was held at the Baltimore Hotel on the evening of the 24th of November and the following officers elected: President, the Rev. Burris A. Jenkins; first Vice President, T. T. Crittenden; second Vice President, F. H. DeCou; Secretary, S. C. Wilson; Treasurer, J. R. Cunningham.

A mass meeting will be held December 15th at which Will H. Dilg, the President of the League, will address the new Chapter.

THE STREATOR, ILL., CHAPTER

Organizers of the Streator Chapter are making plans to outstrip Joliet. A charter membership of 300 is assured. The Streator chapter is anxious to have a La Salle county member of the lower house of the state legislature sponsor a new set of fish and game laws.

A 10 or 20-acre plot of woodland with a hunting and fishing lodge located on the Vermilion river is being planned by the organization.

A closed season on bass-fishing in Illinois, closed from January first to July first; a minimum size of ten inches.

That is what the members of the Streator Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America want written into the fish and game laws of Illinois; and with it another clause curtailing "troutline" fishing in all streams that are state fish preserves.

This was adopted as a resolution at the last session of the local chapter when it met to draw up recommendations to be made to the National Headquarters.

ON January 14, 1922, the Izaak Walton League of America will be one year old. The Chapters are asked to celebrate the first birthday of our League by holding a banquet on or near that date.

It is important and it is but fitting that each Chapter hold a banquet each year in celebration of the birth of this League, undoubtedly the greatest conservation activity ever launched in America.

The League as it approaches its first birthday has three times as many Chapters as it had members on Jan. 14th of this year. We want to make Jan. 14th a famous date. Many invitations should be sent out to principled sportsmen to attend the birthday banquet that our fellow citizens may learn of the great dangers threatening outdoor America and the reasons for which this national crusade was organized.

THE FOND DU LAC CHAPTER

We must admit we fell asleep at the switch about the time that the United States Bureau of Fisheries was making distribution of the fish secured in the rescue work in the Mississippi River. Our sister cities in the Fox River Valley, Oshkosh, Neenah and Appleton got the jump on us and secured a good liberal supply of these fair sized fish for planting, however we have assurance from the Bureau that as early as possible next year we will be taken care of and the prospects are good for securing a full car load of fish as Mr. Webster of our Conservation Commission has very kindly volunteered to use the state fish car to transport our allotment from the Mississippi River to our waters here. This Chapter is in hopes of being able to bring our end of Lake Winnebago back to some of its old time glory as a bass lake. Our last meeting was the best attended and most enthusiastic held thus far. This is as it should be and although we realize it is hard at this season of the year to get duck and deer hunters out to talk fish we are hoping that our members will keep awake to the necessity of supporting this chapter with their presence at our meetings. We contemplate putting on a drive for members in January and are planning on a booster meeting at which time we hope to have President Dilg and Dr. Preston Bradley with us. Past experience has taught us that is a good pair to draw to as they can both stir up lots of enthusiasm among our members, and their efforts will bring many new members into our rank.

THE KENOSHA CHAPTER

We officially inaugurated on October 2nd, when we had a jolly little dinner at the Elks Club, and afterwards the election of officers took place. Mr. W. A. Senne was elected president, Mr. Richard Francis, vice-president, and Mr. Kenneth T. White, secretary and treasurer. At this meeting we also elected an executive committee, consisting of Mr. Gifford, Mr. Mueller and Mr. Huber. After the election of officers, a very interesting general discussion pertaining to the good of the organization took place, in which all offered good suggestions to try and enthuse other persons to join the chapter. Money was donated by all and placed in the treasurer's hands to meet current expenses.

Another meeting was called by the president, October 11th, in which it was decided to have members of the Kenosha Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America address the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs with the idea of soliciting their support in the work being undertaken. The Kenosha Chapter has had membership and magazine subscription cards printed like the following reproduction, the idea being to circulate these around town in the drive for new members.

I herewith pledge myself as a member in good faith of the Izaak Walton League of America, and herewith enclose $2.00 covering dues for one year, and my subscription for one year to the Izaak Walton League Monthly, Defender of America's Out of Doors.

THE LA SALLE, ILL., CHAPTER

At La Salle it is planned to combine two hunting clubs with the Izaak Walton Chapter, making the initial membership about 200. The La Salle Chapter will also draw its membership from Peru and Oglesby.

THE WASHINGTON, D. C., CHAPTER

E. C. Kemper, nationally known as the Secretary of the American Institute of Architects and also an angler and writer of repute, is the President of a recently organized chapter in Washington, D. C. Mr. Kemper's bass story in this issue will prove that he is a fisherman of the highest ethics and one who knows whereof he speaks. Doubtless this Chapter will prove to be one of the most influential of the League.

THE BLOOMINGTON CHAPTER

Members of the Bloomington Chapter are very much elated at the report made by its delegates to the meeting of representatives of Illinois Chapters in Chicago on November 14th. It begins to look certain that we shall have adequate laws for the conservation of fish and game in this state and that Illinois will be able to take her place along with other states in perpetuating the sport that threatened to soon become only a memory. We feel now that within a few years it will not be necessary for us to go to neighboring states for our fishing and hunting as is the case at present.

The thing most needed now is a rapid and large increase in our membership so that there will be some weight behind our demands for proper legislation. Anyone at all acquainted with politics knows that if there is sufficient demand for any legislation it can be secured, and if we do not secure the needed laws in Illinois we will deserve the reproach which posterity will heap upon us.

With the approach of Winter, our members regretfully put away their fishing tackle and we expect to have some lively meetings between now and Spring, by which time we intend that our membership shall be increased by several times its present number.

Each member has started out with renewed vigor on a drive for new members. This will not be much of a task, if you can call such a pleasure a task. From now on we are coming strong.

THE CHILLICOTHE CHAPTER

A new Izaak Walton Chapter has been formed at Chillicothe, Ohio, of which Hanley W. Cone of that city is the president. Mr. Cone writes—"We have started the fight against pollution. I have finally gotten the State Department to take samples of one of our streams and they soon will start their work to clear up some. I also have our Representative coming my way. Two weeks ago a friend and myself put out thirty thousand young fish. Let the good work go on."

THE ROCKFORD CHAPTER

The Rockford chapter of the Izaak Walton League is going over big. Since our birth about three months ago we have increased our membership 200 per cent with more coming all the time. At our last meeting, we adopted our Constitution and by-laws; and made arrangements for a big meeting one month hence.

We feel very proud of our chapter and of the representatives we have in it. Our present State Senator Herbert Hicks is a very enthusiastic member, as is the newly elected State Representative LeRoy M. Green.

Dr. R. E. Tull, our president, has been selected as one of a committee to revise the fish and game code of our State, which also speaks well for the personnel of our chapter.

There is nothing we Izaak Waltons will not do for the good of the League, and we all will lend our support in the up-building of this wonderful organization.

DES MOINES CHAPTER NO 1 OF IOWA

The Des Moines Unit of the Iowa Fish and Game Association, of which the members of Chapter No. 1, Iowa Division of the National Izaak Walton League of America are all members, gave a wonderful game banquet on the evening of November 15th, at the Elks Club in the City of Des Moines.

The members of the Chapter and the Unit secured the game for this banquet. The wild game, and the fish contributed consisted of 8 coons, 18 possums, 21 ducks, 1 goose, 10 rabbits, 5 squirrels, 150 lbs. of the finest Wall-Eyed Pike, also one-quarter of a Mountain Sheep.

A complete program was carried out. And when we say "complete," we say it all, for how could anything be more complete with the "Wonder Man," Dr. Preston Bradley, on the program.

The large dining room was too small to accommodate the crowd. It required three settings of the tables, and then two hundred or more were turned away. We are expecting wonderful results from this monster banquet.

OUR Illinois Chapters have made mighty progress. They intend to pass the model state fish and game bill of the nation. The present Illinois fish and game laws are the worst in the country and we intend to make them the best. The next Illinois legislature will meet within a few months and will pass a fish and game measure prepared by the Illinois Division of this League. We will receive the largest conservation appropriation ever made by any one state in the history of America. The Illinois Division of the League is taking no chances in the preparation of the new bill. We have engaged two nationally famed experts to prepare it. On Norember 14th the Illinois Chapters met at headquarters and appropriated the money so that a perfect document will be submitted to the Illinois legislature. We already know that our bill will be passed—but enough of this for the present.

THE MOLINE CHAPTER

About the only news of our chapter right now is that some of our casting members will organize a class for recreation in this sport, practicing through the winter at our Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Our state senator and also our representative have absolutely promised us their support in whatever legislation our chapter demands, and if the rest of the state is as fortunate our new and revised laws will be an actual fact before the season opens up next summer.

I know how busy our president and directory at headquarters are, but I wish to make one suggestion if I may: that a great effort be made to increase our chapters here in this state. We should have at least fifty chapters instead of twenty. Then we could talk in no uncertain way and get what we want.

THE JOLIET CHAPTER

Plans are being completed by the executive committee of the Will county chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America for a membership drive with a goal of 500 members by January 1, 1923.

At a meeting of the executive committee held Friday noon, the plans for the campaign were completed, and chairman of five committees for carrying out the drive appointed. The chairman will appoint four additional members to each committee and work will begin immediately.

"There is no reason why the Will county chapter should not have a membership of 500 by the first of the year," said Commissioner William P. Kemp, president of the chapter. The principle for which the league is fighting, and for which it was organized by real sportsmen is right.

"Clean streams and good fishing are the heritage of the present generation, and of all generations to come. I can remember the day, onlv a few years ago, when a boy could go out with a willow branch, a piece of string, a bent pin and come home with a long string of fish.

"Nowadays even the finest tackle outfits, and expensive lures and hours of patient endeavor may get you a game fish or they may not. The reason is that the fish are not there. The rising tide of industrial development has brought pollution to our streams, and there is not one fish now where there were a thousand 20 years ago.

"Need Appreciation.

"The state of Illinois is as fertile a field as can be found for propaganda calculated to arouse the public to serious consideration of the conservation of our natural resources—streams, forests, game and everything else that lives out of doors. Spring fishing is legal under the state law. Illinois is the only thickly populated state in the union where this is permitted.

"There is plenty of work to be done In Illinois there is no bag limit. You can take as many game fish from the streams as you can catch. There is no size limit. A real fisherman will toss a game fish under 12 inches back into the water. In Illinois you can legally take home with you any fish of any size.

"Probably the most important addition to the game laws of the state right now would be a law which will prohibit spring fishing. There is no official spawning season in Illinois. You can go out and take fish in April, May and June or any other month. Millions of fish of all kinds, potential 5 and 6 pound black bass and other game fish are wasted needlessly every year because of unscrupulous anglers who take fish from the streams during the spawning season.

"Every Izaak Walton league chapter in the state is pushing its membership in order that a petition containing 20,000 names may be taken to the legislature when it convenes in January, asking that stringent fish and game laws be enacted to conserve and rehabilitate our outdoor resources."

THE MILWAUKEE CHAPTER

Members of the Izaak Walton club, in session Monday night at the University club, were privileged to hear an address on conservation and love of the outdoors in the broad aspect of

their relation to everyday business, political and moral life that will go down in record as the most comprehensive summing up of the situation ever heard here.

The speaker was the Rev. Preston Bradley, noted as pastor of the People's pulpit in Chicago, and equally as a lecturer and sportsman. His address aimed to show that a direct relationship exists between outdoor life and the welfare of the world. Developing his theme, he told first of a recent trip through the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth.

Sports Make Clean Life

"I saw no end of bankers, plenty of editors, heaps of real estate men and even a few preachers—but not a solitary dyed in the wool fisherman or lover of the outdoors," he stated.

"The contemporary leadership of the world is bankrupt," he added. "We must look to the future and the future men and women for leadership. The real test of a man's character is by his actions in an emergency, and with the world at present incompetent to handle the situation, we must look to the children of today to take charge when the crisis comes, and that they may be fit to assume leadership we must develop in them the qualities of the pioneer, through contact with primitive life and natural conditions."

"Bad men have no love for the out of doors!" he stated. "They can't stand it to be alone with themselves. Statistics will show that not one of the major criminals of today liked to fish, loved a dog or smoked a pipe!"

In his conclusion the speaker urged nationwide expansion of the club, in order that it might more effectively command federal recognition for its projects, describing them as vastly more important in their indirect conservation of youth than in their apparent effort only to conserve fish and game for sportsmen.

THE OSAGE, IOWA, CHAPTER

Earl D. Foster and Geo. D. Nelson, members of the Osage Chapter, and famous coon hunters who own the best pack of coon dogs in northern Iowa, furnished five coons, which their wives had roasted, for the League Banquet, November 7th.

This feed was enjoyed by approximately fifty members. Brother K. J. Johnson opened the ball by singing Iowa and after the feed Mr. Johnson again took the floor and thanked Messrs. Foster and Nelson and their wives for the bountiful feed, and then made a few remarks for the welfare of the League and then called on Mr. Foster for a recital of the hunt in which these coons had been killed. But Foss, same as usual when there is any public talking to be done turned it over to Dad as he calls his hunting pal, Mr. Nelson.

Dad can always talk so he gave the details of this famous hunt which is a record in this county, the capture of nine coons and one perfumery agent with a striped coat in one night!

Several humorous stories were told and appeals were made for better laws and a bigger league. Now, just watch us grow.

THE OMAHA CHAPTER

A group of enthusiastic sportsmen in Omaha, Nebr., have arranged to form a local Izaak Walton chapter of which Mr. Kenneth D. Phillips of that city is to be the President. They are to have a large meeting in the Elks Club Auditorium on the evening of December 4th when they will be presented with their Charter, the charter members numbering several hundreds. It is the intention of the Chapter to start off with a large membership and according to Mr. Phillips, with "pep plus," as they wish to secure immediate action in regard to radical changes in the State fish and game laws and the Nebraska Legislature will not meet again after the present session for two years.

THE ASBURY PARK CHAPTER

Asbury Park, N. J., has an Izaak Walton Chapter, of which Frank L. Stick, well known artist, writer and sea angler is temporary chairman. Warren H. Miller, whose name as a writer and sportsman is familiar to all American sportsmen is the treasurer of the Chapter and Leonard Hulit, whose book "Fishing with a Boy" should be read by every outdoor-loving father and son in America, is the secretary.

The chapter will soon hold another meeting to elect a permanent President and appoint their committees on missionary work, pollution and game propagation. A chapter officered by men of such known love and knowledge of sports a-field and a-stream cannot but prove a mighty and vigorous power for good.

THE LOS ANGELES CHAPTER

The Izaak Walton Chapter of Los Angeles was formed in that city on November 24th. James Jump, internationally known yachtsman and sea angler was elected President. Harry Adams and Bertram Lackey elected respectively Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer, are also well known sea anglers and the highest type of principled sportsmen. It is prophesied that the Los Angeles Chapter will be one of the largest and strongest of the League, as in Southern California alone 50,000 licenses were taken out this year, proving the interest there in sports a-field and a-stream.

THE SYCAMORE CHAPTER

Members of the Sycamore Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America held one of the most important meetings of the year at the library recently, in which the president, George Sell, introduced many new phases of the work which is being done in other cities by the league.

It was decided at the meeting to order several thousand fish which will be put into the Kishwaukee, along the entire course of the stream. Bass, pike, bullheads and many other kinds of fish will be received and dumped into the river.

President Sell, who has charge of the work, says the fish will be received here some time next week and will be distributed along the stream upon their arrival. The organization intends to make the stream full of game fish, and according to conditions now, the fish are very scarce and few.

Pres. Detroit Chapter Brings Out New Book Called Vagabond Verses

And here is my volume of Vagabond Rhymes,
Patched together at all sorts of times,
From all sorts of places and here and there,
Gleaned from the garden of everywhere;
Sketches of various breeds and birth,
Fables and facts from the ends of the earth,
Free in their swing as the wind and the tide,
For life is large and its ways are wide.
No gems are here, they are rough and rude,
With many a line and stanza crude.
'Tis a tale of humans and twixt us two,
If it held perfection 'twould not be true.
They are tales of comfort and grief and pain,
Smiles and sunshine, clouds and rain,
Tales of trouble and joy and strife,
For these are the things that make up life.

Thus does Orrin A. DeMass, whose poems have attracted wide attention, usher in his volume of "Vagabond Verses," which is just off the press and seems destined to make a strong appeal to those who love the rhymes of the North Country and tales of the woods and streams.

Mr. DeMass has the happy faculty, possessed by James Whitcomb Riley and Edgar A. Guest, of sounding a note of inspiration and optimism in all of his poems. He paints his word pictures with bold strokes, as becomes a man who knows intimately the wild country which furnishes the background for many of his verses. The book is most attractively bound in brown leather and autographed copies can be obtained by writing Mr. DeMass, 211 West Fort St., Detroit, enclosing two dollars.

Orrin DeMass has what newspaper men term "color." A tale of his adventures and experiences, alone, would make interesting reading. He is a sportsman of note and has hunted and fished in almost all of the territory between Michigan and the Hudson Bay country. He was one of the organizers of the Wayne County Sportsmen's Association and serves as president of the organization, also he is president of the Detroit Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America.

John Moreland, Fisherman

(Continued from page 142)

thing to awaken the sportsmen of our country. It's not so bad for the grown man of today but it's pretty tough on the boys of the future, as things are going now, the boy born today is already foredoomed to have no fishing at all. Our boys have been robbed of their rightful heritage, and the boys of America represent the future of these United States."

"You're right, Robert, something must be done. Now that I think of it, the best fun I had when a boy was fishing with that old fishing uncle of mine."

The last part of their journey was the hardest and was made in a slow September rain. It was almost dark when they reached their camp site but soon they had their tents up. A roaring fire was started which lit up the big woods, and while black and mysterious darkness was just beyond, all was fine in the glow of the fire.

The whole party was ready to turn in early. After Moreland had got into his sleeping bag, Patterson asked:

"How do you feel? Tired, I suppose."

"Yes, tired, sleepy and happy," slowly replied the old man, and in a minute he was sound asleep.

The camp was up and doing early the next morning. The sky was still gray and overcast, with low hanging clouds, but the rain had ceased.

"An ideal day for the fly fisherman. One can smell good fishing in the air." said Patterson, as they ate breakfast.

Pete was anxious to lead them to his trout stream, which was only a short distance from the camp, and could be heard, if not seen.

"I show you where dis stream run into lake—beeg pool dere and plenty beeg feesh," said Pete.

With waders slung over their shoulders, and creels and rods in hand, they slowly made their way through the tangled underbrush and over the moss covered big and black limestone rocks. There was no trail and they had to pick their way down the hillside and over the slippery rocks which led to the river below..

"Dis river she hide—she like be alone in de beeg woods—she no want white man spoil her," said Pete, unconscious of the poetic thought and the truth of his sentiment. Pete had not read Bob Davis' great poem, "The Rape of the River," but he knew just the same.

It was still except for the music of running waters down in the glades below. There was a warmth to the motionless air which spelled fish to Patterson, and he was prepared to see the pool of his dreams long before they reached the water's edge.

"Never was there such a pool," whispered Patterson, as Pete Lafitte silently pointed to the racing—swirling—twisting and eddying water just below. There are spots so sacredly beautiful to the heart of a fisherman that talk except in whispers seems unholy and Pete had brought them to such a virginal place.

Trout were recklessly rising everywhere in the great pool. There was a vine-covered black rock which jutted into the pool at the deepest spot. Here the waters were dim and dark and a great trout arose with a giant plop three times within a few seconds. More than a full minute elapsed before the three came to.

The silence was again broken by Patterson. The pool below awakened every atom of the master fisherman which he was. He would have given a kingly ransom to have had the first cast at the mighty trout which lay in its royal den.

Never had he seen such a trout as was the King. His mind rapidly ran over his list of flies, and as it was a grey day, he had chosen a Royal Coachman as his first choice. Then it came to him that the King Trout rightfully belonged to John Moreland. He turned and looked at the old man as he took his rod from his case, and for the first time fully realized that he really liked the testy old fellow. He now wholeheartedly devoted his best thought toward helping Moreland to successfully capture the King Of The Pool. He touched John Moreland on the arm, and whisperingly said, "Now, we must make no mistakes and not be too hasty. Everything depends on your making your first cast from exactly the right spot. We must not scare off that Old King Rainbow."

Both fishermen now studied the pool carefully. It was finally decided where Moreland was to enter the water and where he would stand when he shot forth the Coachman. Patterson was to follow close by with the net.

After Patterson had carefully tested every inch of the nine foot leader, he handed a number 10 Coachman to John Moreland, and watched that it was properly fastened to the leader. Then they approached the pool which had never in all the annals of time had an artificial fly cast upon its waters.

Patterson was glad that the fish were not wise and wild from overfishing. Certainly those fish would not strike short like those which inhabit streams often fished.

John Moreland had never caught a large trout—he had hooked several but had lost them all. He was, therefore, keyed up to the highest tension and every step he made up stream and the closer he got to the Kingly den, the more grew the tension and the firmer the set of his jaws. He proceeded slowly as the water boiled about his waders.

When close to the black rock, he cast out his fly until he had stripped off the proper amount of line. Then he shot out his Coachman and dropped it a few feet up stream from where he had last seen the Rainbow rise.

The great fish struck hard and hooked itself. Never was there such a battle and never were there such breaks as the King Of The Pool threw himself again and again into the air. Moreland knew that Patterson and Old Pete were watching him do battle with the King. Perhaps that caused him to feel that the whole world had stopped and was looking on. The repeated one hundred or more foot runs down stream would seem unbelievable except to those who have fought big Canadian Rainbows. Again and again he nursed the mighty fish up stream.

All battles must end, victory or defeat cannot forever waver in the balance. According to the law of averages—John Moreland was due for a victory, for had he not lost every big trout he had hooked during the past three weeks? The battle had started at the head of the pool and it ended at the tail end of it—fully two hundred yards from the point of hooking. Patterson had followed close behind Moreland from the beginning and many the time he blessed his good fortune in bringing a large long handled bass landing net. Slowly and with infinite care Moreland brought his Kingly Rainbow to the waiting net. The fish no longer struggled to any extent and came belly half up, inch by inch, to the waiting net. One foot more—six inches more—and all would be well,—and then the leader parted!

"Oh!" fairly groaned Moreland as he saw his spent fish turn in the current and then—then Patterson plunged in and by blind good fortune netted the fish just as it had almost righted itself and sunk from sight.

The usual cheer was lacking—the old man and the young man looked into each other's eyes—their hands met in a grasp, and there, without a word, was cemented an undying friendship.

Patterson and Pete Lafitte skinned the 29 inch rainbow and it was finally mounted by an artist and today it can be found in John Moreland's private office. Of course he made it a point that Walter Strong see his mounted King Rainbow and as all things are relative it would be difficult to state how much satisfaction the old man took in exhibiting that fish to Strong.

Many trout were taken from Pete Lafitte's pool, and the happy pair fished on for a week, but no trout was hooked which even approached the King for size.

Our story is almost told. Moreland and Patterson stayed on till early October. Their last night in camp was momentous. It was a warm night for October in Canada, the moon shone out in all its glory. The camp fire was burning low—the two men had sat in silence for some moments. Both were thinking. Patterson broke the silence by saying, "I'm going to leave your employ when we get back to the city."

Moreland let forth a grunt—Patterson reached forth his hand and placed it on the old man's knee, and said, "Please listen. I have inherited a little money, and I'm going in business on my own hook—besides I'm in love and I'm going to get married just as soon as I get my business going."

"That will spoil all our fishing trips," said Moreland, and his tone was desolate. Then rousing himself, he said, "I can't let you go, Robert—I'm an old man, and I need you—you have saved my life—I haven't a chick or a child in the world—you know all about my business and you know my ways and you have got to stick it out with me till the end of the trail. I've got big plans for you—Robert, and I'm not going to listen to your leaving me, but I don't like that marrying business. She'll spoil our fishing trips," he dolefully repeated.

Patterson's laugh rang out boyishly. "You don't know this girl—she's an outdoor woman through and through, and casts a prettier fly than either of us and would rather fish than eat."

Moreland suddenly reached out his hand and grasped Patterson by the shoulder.

"If she's a fishing girl, then we'll marry her, boy, and now that that's settled, let's go to bed."

The End.

The Bonefish Brigade

(Continued from page 134)

my old weakness and let him go free.

That night at the camp he weighed ten pounds two ounces, and was the Long Key record. The way I condescended to tell Lucky Stickem how to catch bonefish, and the way I tortured poor Fishermanz, who had been yearning to catch such a bonefish for twenty-five years, was a shameful thing. But such fun! After all anglers are the most simple-minded of men. I could scarcely realize my good fortune, and I was scared stiff for fear some one would beat my record, yet I strutted round nonchalantly and sympathized with the fellows who did not know how to fish.

One day I fished alone, and had both good and bad luck, as I caught three small bonefish and lost several large ones.

As I was going down the walk toward the lodge Mrs. Wiborn appeared suddenly from behind a thick clump of palms. She had ambushed me, and she looked vastly important. My heart began to sink. But her smile saved one from awful conclusions.

"They've put up a job on you," she whispered. "Play up to it now!"

Then she vanished. I plodded along pondering this subtle hint. Job! What could it be? Play up to it now! That meant clearly I must be game to meet some situation.

When I turned the corner of the walk to face the gang on the lodge porch I was greeted by a lusty yell, and many calls, from which I gathered that a catastrophe had befallen me.

Wiborn came off the porch to meet me. He wore his old bright smile, and his eyes were keen. Too keen! I caught a twinkle that I might have missed but for his good wife's bidding me be prepared. I was reminded of his tricks when we played on the varsity in college. The sly fox! But I gave no sign. I was as innocent as he affected to be.

"Hard luck, Chief," he said, with his hand going to my shoulder. "Your record's broken. Fishermanz has trimmed you! Go in and see!"

Right there I blessed Mrs. Wiborn for having intuition to understand my sensitive feelings. For even with the assurance of a monstrous deceit to be perpetrated upon me I experienced an inward quaking.

"Is that so? Well!" I ejaculated, and stepped into the lodge.

Upon a large platter lay what seemed the most wonderful bonefish I had ever seen. I got up on a chair so to see the better. And I looked down. It took all my will power to concentrate upon Mrs. Wiborn's hi[illegible]

crowded around me and the table, solicitous, sympathizing, crooked as rail fences in their pretended commiseration for me. The truth was they were most curiously bent on seeing how I would take my defeat. It was a diabolical trick that owed its origin to the fertile brain of Lone Angler. His wife had divined that. The Bonefish Brigade never had an idea in their lives except to sit down in the sun and wait for a bite. If they had anticipated extreme joy in seeing me utterly crushed—the villians—they were to be sadly disappointed.

I expanded. I gazed with rapt admiration. I stared at that bonefish in delight.

"What a magnificent fish!" I burst out. "Why, he makes mine look little. . . . Three ounces to the good? Sure he looks three pounds!"

Then I got down off the chair and faced Fishermanz with the mien of a vanquished champion true to the traditions of sportsmanship.

"I congratulate you," I said, heartily, as I wrung his hand. "There's no angler in the world so worthy of this record as you are. My fish was only a lucky catch. It only inspired you to greater effort. Believe me, Fishermanz, I would be happy if your new record was one I could never beat."

The funny thing about this oration of mine was that it was true.

The brigade to a man looked sort of crestfallen. Thanks to my gentle monitor I had played up to their bent and had fooled them. The moment passed to my credit and we went back upon the porch. The bonefish was brought outside. Lone Angler insisted that I take a photograph of it and the brigade. After that was done he took the fish and walking out to me held it before me. That sly little twinkle gleamed in his eyes.

"Say, Chief, feel that," he said, with his hand on the plump belly of the bonefish. He tried to appear tremendously concerned.

I felt some hard lumps inside the fish, and remarked that they must be some of Stickem's hard-shelled crabs.

"Don't you want to weigh this fish yourself?" he queried, anxiously. "Fishermanz was very careful to see yours weighed.'

"Weigh it myself? No indeed," I replied, loftily. "His word is enough for me."

Whereupon Lone Angler turned the bonefish upside down, and jogged it vigorously, as if to dislodge something from its insides. Suddenly out plumped half a dozen heavy lead sinkers!

---

into their bellies, they bleed to death anyhow. So if the pesky game warden ain't around, they all hit the frying pan."

The others looked dispairingly at Old John and then beseechingly upward in the direction from which the spirit voice had so recently become silenced.

"'Course there's one thing," slowly observed Mr. Plug, "Even my treble gang fellow, wicked as it looks, never gets down into their throats, its very size and number of hooks keepin' all its damage around the outer mouth or on the outer body. These kind of wounds seldom prove fatal and I slip the little fellows back, knowin' they'll call again some day when they're big enough to be out alone and to put up a real fight. Fact is, many years ago I caught 126 Bass for the officials of a Michigan hatchery, which they wanted to put over into another pond. We watched 'em close after they were spilled into the new water, and **every one of 'em lived.**"

"Guess there's something in that," said Buck-tail Spoon. "I hadn't thought of it before but my fish do **bite right directly onto the hook**, and of course one hook would seem to be as bad as forty, 'cause there ain't no **solid wooden body** in the way, to keep 'em from **biting right onto the cold steel.** 'Nother thing, my buck-tail is so **durn light they hain't got anything to shake out.** When I nails 'em, **I NAILS 'em.**"

"Yep," observed Mr. Plug, "after all's said and done, I guess I'm not so worse. I'm not saying but what I get my share of the fish, but when you run down the why of it, I think you'll agree that it's due more to my luring power and queer antics in the water than to over-deadly hooks. Seems to me as though the ethicist has fallen into the same error as the fish hog, mistaking **number** of hooks for effectiveness, basing judgment on a numerical or mathematical theory instead of actual understanding."

"And while we're on that subject of attractiveness," continued Mr. Plug, "I don't mind tellin' you fellows that I think my artistic colors, beautiful finish and finely detailed manufacture, entitle me to just a little better name than 'Plug.' Not that I'm puffed up, or too sensitive, y' understand, but—well, you know how 'tis."

The waning hours were fast bringing on the chill of midnight and faces were hardly distinguishable in the faint light of the dying embers.

One by one pipe bowls were emptied, tackle boxes were softly closed and soon the little camp was wrapped in slumber.

Perhaps Buck-tail Spoon was dreaming of the slaughter of the grand old stag, whose death had provided the

Dilg says

of

Tragic Fishing Moments

"Here I have given you the greatest collection of fishing stories I have ever read"

Fifty delightful, red-blooded stories by real, sure 'nuf fishermen.

"Tragic Fishing Moments" is a book that will warm the cockles of your heart and afford many a joyous chuckle.

A book for the winter fireside. An ideal gift to a fishing friend.

Handsome cloth and gold binding. Illustrated. $2.00 at your booksellers or direct by mail from

Reilly & Lee, Publishers
1010 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

"Plant a Bass"

(Continued from page 145)

And the lakes are coming back. Everywhere it is the same story, the lakes are coming back and coming back fast. From a section I had believed damaged almost beyond remedy I have a letter which is typical. It says:

"The lake was restocked with bass, and from the number of young bass around the shores I would say that they were growing remarkably well. Never before have I seen so many small bass around the shores as I saw this spring. Also, we have had this summer the best bass fishing that we have had for many years past."

That is the story, in outline, of the black bass in Maine. It spoils our pictures of the swarming virgin waters; it knocks the spots out of the idea that our sporting inheritance has been altogether wasted. But it shows how easily bass may be planted and what reward may reasonably be expected from planting.

We do not labor under the difficulties of the old-time sportsmen. We need not pay five dollars apiece for our bass; we can get them for nothing, delivered at our doors. We need not drive for hours behind a horse to stock an outlying lake; we can whisk there and back in an automobile. Come, let's get busy! Let's have good bass fishing at our own doors.

It is said that the acid test for any idea is, "Will it work?" To which some cynic has added, "And will it pay?" If the "Plant a Bass" idea is tested by either or both of those reagents it will be found pure gold. That it will work is shown by the foregoing; that it will pay—Well, ask the twenty thousand anglers who visit Maine each year to enjoy her fishing. Ask the camp and hotel proprietors, who profit by their coming. Ask the Maine citizens, whose properties have advanced a thousand per cent in price. I'll agree to be bound by their evidence.

NOTE—For assistance in collecting the material for this paper I am deeply indebted to Edward A. Strout, Myrtle H. Hodgdon, Clarence M. Smith, Arthur W. Beckford and many others. Without their invaluable co-operation its preparation would have been impossible.

Principles of I. W. L. A.

Fish and Game Laws to be Discussed at First National Convention

1. To promote by precept and example the highest ideals in angling, so that it may be rightfully called the blameless sport. To increase fellowship among fishermen and to band them together into a fraternal and militant organization whereby they may lay the foundation for the preservation of game fishes forever.

2. To advocate the use of appropriately light tackle and to teach that there is no credit due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy rods and lines. To award buttons, medals and prizes to anglers for notable exploits with rod and line by members of the League for signal achievements so that fair tackle may become more generally used.

3. To cause proper literature to be written and to be circulated so that the public may be educated to know that the true fisherman "feels like a gentleman and acts like a sportsman."

4. To awaken the public to the need of better fish and game laws so that it may realize its duty of voting for candidates who have before the election announced their support of measures which will advance fish propagation, fish preservation and protective measures for wild game. To champion such laws before legislative bodies so that legislators may know the wishes of the anglers and sportsmen of the state and of the nation.

5. To promote the movement for federal control of the lakes and streams of the country to every extent possible under the Constitution.

6. To aid and support those who are already advocating the extension of the United States police powers to cover the control of inland waters as a health measure and to follow in letter and in spirit the resolutions passed at the fifty-first annual session of the American Fisheries Society in September, 1921, as to the pollution of streams.

7. To advocate strongly the increase from $100 to $5,000 of the federal fine for the pollution of streams; thus making it expensive for industries to pollute the waters of our country.

8. To devote every energy toward educating those who live in remote places and to show them the folly of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" by the lawless use of seines, dynamite and other destructive agents.

9. To increase the establishment of federal and state hatcheries.

10. To adopt the sane recommendations of zoologists, who advise the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations, both by the federal government and the states, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may be always available to pass upon the national conditions of waters so that only the proper species of fish may be planted therein.

11. To advocate before legislators and leading state and national officials the urgent need of planting fish to sufficient size to permit their survival and to stop the present woeful and costly waste of planting fry too small to survive.

12. To advocate drastic punishment for those guilty of taking fish from their spawning beds. And to arouse public sentiment against the ruthless ways of the fish hog and to make the penalty heavier for breaking of the legal limit.

The Wild Pigeon

(Continued from page 162)

and vines formed a mass of tangled growth, and often higher up in larger trees that grew in dense thickets. Here they would light in perfect swarms, like bees, until the branches would often bend and break beneath their weight. Men and boys, armed with sticks, would fall upon these bird camps, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they would slay enough pigeons to feed a small town.

Whence they came, and whither gone the ornithologists have not been able to inform us. It may be that they migrated here from the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, Mexico, the Isthmus, and the boundless forests of South America. But it seems strange that they all should go and none return. Not one has ever been seen in this section since they so suddenly left a half century ago. Their miraculous increase during the Civil War and their tragic exit soon thereafter is the most wonderful chapter known in the annals of bird life. As much as has been written about it the subject has never received the attention which its importance demands. Is it possible that away back in the dark recesses of some wild mountains, barred against the entrance of man, there may yet remain a remnant of this, the once largest and noblest of all the families of birds?

Anglers

Now's the time to **Make Your Own Flies, Rods, Lures, Etc.**

Send for Catalog of Materials, Supplies, Repairs, Tools
Instruction Books, also Tackle

Quality and service to please you from **J. F. WILLMARTH**
ROOSEVELT, N. Y.

His Professional Manner

We like very much the story of the dentist who went fishing and was disgusted at landing a large and rotund catfish. He seized the beast firmly round its waist and began to work the hook out. Quite automatically and with his usual air of courteous firmness he bespoke the fish, "Open wide," he said.

Getting Acquainted With the Birds

(Continued from page 156)

with your fly or just calmly sitting on the bank of river or pond certainly offers many chances of running into interesting bird experiences. I want to hear about some of them and I know that the other fellows do, too. So shoot 'em in and we will pass 'em along to the circle.

* * *

As this is written most of the fisherman clan have laid aside their rods for the season and are now living for the day next spring when the trout season opens. Lakes and streams have a "closed" sign on them in the north and the birds have gone south to a more hospitable clime where food is plentiful. Yes, "them" melancholy days have come for many of us although not a few fishermen lay aside the rod to take up a gun when autumn comes and with it go afield to match their wits and skill against the mallard, widgeon, goose and other waterfowl. In a way the coming of winter is rather tough for fisherman and bird fan although it has its compensations after all. To me one of the most interesting features about birds and the winter season is the way nature helps some species to change their dress so that they may have more chances of surviving the attacks of their enemies. In other words, some birds are given protective coloration during the snow months so that they can be inconspicuous against the white blanket that covers the earth. Others although not changing their dress are given snow shoes so that they can walk upon and through the snow more easily. Take the grouse, for instance. You probably saw many of these handsome game birds while you were fishing in the north woods this summer. If you could have examined the foot of one then and could now see that same bird you would note quite a difference. In the summer the foot of the grouse is "naked." In winter this bird develops a horn like marginal fringe, which serves as snowshoes and enables Mr. Grouse to get over the snow in fine style.

Probably the most interesting seasonal change occurs in the ptarmigan. Although you may not have seen this handsome member of the grouse family you have heard how nature gives this bird a snow white coat for winter so that it cannot easily be seen in the snow. Not only does it get this color help from nature but it is also provided with snowshoes in the shape of feathers on its toes. While I was in Alaska the ptarmigan was just undergoing the change from the brown to the white and you cannot imagine how handsome they were, showing in their flight these contrasting colors. By now they are pure white and able to hide quite effectively from the eagle and the fox who prey upon them.

* * *

I wish some of you fishermen could see the queer totem pole "boids" that greet you nearly everywhere in Alaska. There is a great land for both fish and birds and it is interesting to see how the Indians of the Northland have for ages worshipped the raven, the jay and the eagle. A race of people living for the most part on fish and wild game yet they have taken those striking birds of the north as emblems of their clans or tribes. It is quite a trick to decipher these totems as the Indian artists run wild when they begin to carve in wood. You may have difficulty in telling the difference between a whale and a bald eagle. The bird totem picture shown with this article is a fair sample. I showed it to Jimmie Gore and he said it looked like the wild "whiffenpoof" that he sees in northern Wisconsin on his fishing trips, but I have to differ with him. It's not that kind of bird!

* * *

Well, here's hoping you have a cheery, happy Christmas day. And may the New Year bring you health, wealth —and good luck on your fishing trips.

"Charlie V." and the Cayenne Pepper

(Continued from page 170)

quite reconciled to each other. At least the dog showed utter indifference to the rooster, and the rooster showed no signs of fear, only impatience to return to his wives, and there was no indication of further loss of tail feathers. I am glad to add in behalf of my heroic treatment that for the remainder of his life "Charlie V." was never known to chase a game bird or fowl of any description, or mouth a bird he retrieved.

Learn to Mount Birds

Learn **at home** to mount **birds, animals, game heads; tan furs, make rugs and robes.** Complete lessons. Easily and quickly learned by men, boys and women. **FREE** Write for **Free Taxidermy Book.** Tells all about it. Every sportsman, trapper and Nature lover **should** know this wonderful fascinating art. Save your trophies. Big profits. Success guaranteed. 75,000 graduates. Investigate. Write for Free Book.

Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 5929 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Our Magazine can only win if the American Sportsman sees that his friends subscribe for it. Understand it's *Your Magazine and Only You Can Make It a Winner.*

Split Bamboo Rod

Two Tips, All Agate Guides

$17.00

GEORGE GOETZ **Versailles, Ohio**

Fishermen come and fishermen go;
When my time comes, I'm wishing
The Styx will be clear, and I'll find old Ike
Along the river—fishing.

RUSSELL B. HOPKINS.

"Companionable Books"

by

HENRY van DYKE

Flows along with the companionability and friendliness of "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck." Every lover of Izaak Walton should read the delightful essay entitled

A QUAINT COMRADE BY QUIET STREAMS

Published in a style uniform with the author's other books. Bound in Cloth, $2.00; in leather, $3.00.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Pollution

(Continued from page 139)

amount of calcium contained in it, and as deposits of clay marl are not uncommon in many states, it should be given a thorough trial. Mr. Travers is to be congratulated on his efforts in the cause of conservation.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR Dr. Henshall:

I was much interested in the article on pollution in the October issue. For years the Potomac River (upper and lower) has been a great fishing ground for small and big mouth bass, and other game fish. But now with fish hogs in the upper and the same in the lower, with all kinds of nets to help, the game ones are going fast. I have never seen a game warden since I have been fishing in the Potomac River.

Getting back to the subject of pollution, the river and its tributaries are very bad in Washington. From Benning's Bridge to where the Anacostia River (or Eastern Branch), empties into the Potomac River is a very fine oil field. If you put a stick in the mud, you will get enough gas tar on top to kill any fish or eggs. I have stood on the Anacosta Bridge and noticed that half of the river would be covered with gas tar. So it seems that the Federal Government is not on the job in this city as much as they should be.

I shall be glad if you can find space to put this in your magazine; it may prove beneficial in the future.

Very truly yours,

Richard Unsworth.

Captain Mattes' Big Muskie

(Continued from page 161)

are usually gone by the first week in September.

I looked at the handsome brownish-green coat of that fearless old patriarch and I could visualize him fighting for his freedom and for his life; and I could see the never-say-die expression on the captain's face, as he fought to the triumphant end; and I chuckled as I noted the waistline (if a muskie may be said to have a waistline) of that old water warrior and I wondered if he was ever nicknamed the water hog, on account of his voracious and in nowise fastidious appetite; and I could almost hear the captain saying modestly:

"Well, we got a real fish this time." And I want to call back through the years in the vernacular of to-day:

"'Wel' 'Wel' Oh, you modest man, where do you get that community stuff?"

Gets More Game
Breaks More Targets

The Both-Eyes-Open Sight Fits any shot-gun or rifle. Praised by Sam S. Foster, Chrmn. Am. Trap-shooting Ass'n., C. M. Brady, one of America's oldest professionals, and many others. Improves old timers. Makes crack shots of beginners. Eliminates cross firing and canting. Postpaid, $3.00, money back guarantee.
Range Finder Sight Co., 1604 L Inter-So. Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

(Continued from page 159)

I found deer tracks at the ole trestle which led me thru thickets of evergreen into the swamp where another track joined it. Then up toward Hedgehog mountain where the snow was above my knees and here the tracks were side by side. Mr. Buck went walking and Miss Doe met him in the swamp, they circled a bit, then traveled on for a together breakfast. Thus said the tracks.

I reached a small knoll and saw that the tracks went on leisurely so the deer could not have heard me. The wind was from them to me, making me safe that way. I climbed the knoll, looked about, thinking perchance I might see them and cut around. I beheld the sight of a lifetime! Not forty yards away on a lower hillock Mr. Buck and Miss Doe were snuggled 'neath a fir, like lovers in the park. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. My pulse registered normal, surely Buck-fever didn't affect one's eyes.

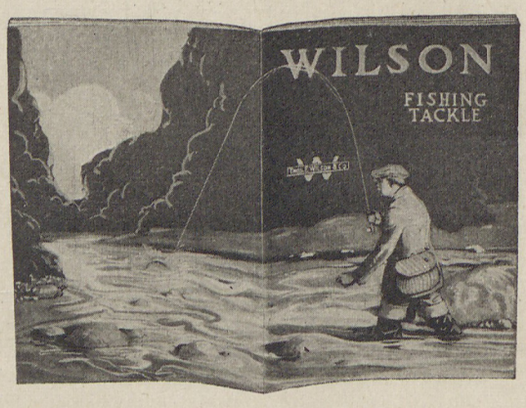
I took all the time in the world, aimed, and fired.

A white flag to right, another to left, I had missed. This was too much. I just shut my eyes, after pointing where I last saw the left hand flag, and blazed away. Miss Doe leaped into view and with flag lowered, off thru the thicket she floundered with me close after.

Blood stained the snow and for one awful moment thots of that crimson

Send for This

WILSON "IZAAK WALTON" CATALOG



Illustrating and describing equipment that helps to get the big and gamey ones.

NEW YORK **THOS. E. WILSON & CO.** SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO

trail on my knoll came back, I was all woman, but no, my larder was very lean, Thanksgiving tomorrow. I was killing that we might eat, not for sport. While this raced thru my head I was hurrying on. I found her, twitching in the snow, another shot and she ceased breathing.

I took my knife and with a prayer for strength to Diana, goddess of the hunt, I plunged my knife deep. The liver and heart I strung on a forked stick, my tag with license number and details I signed and tied upon a hind leg. Tying my thong about her fore legs I started for camp. One hundred pounds on two feet of snow, I just couldn't drag her all the way in. I left her and hurried back for Vel.

Taking him on the leash I led him to where the doe lay. He was fearful at first, then curious but after coaxing and judicious use of the whip I had him attached and dragging her.

As the unique procession filed out onto the road we saw a group of five men coming, one being the warden.

However could I prove I had not been hunting with Vel, if the warden should be horrid, flashed thru my mind for the first time. This was not in the Everglades where one has to use dogs.

Vel growled deep in his throat.

"Young woman, what does this mean?" thundered the warden.

I explained. A city youngling laughed. I felt myself reddening. "I've a good mind to take that doe from you," threatened the warden. My first deer, it was tragic. Not if I knew it, thought I.

"If you doubt a woman's word, do so by all means," I replied. "Only you can unloosen the doe from the dog, I won't."

The warden might as well have tried to get the doe from the devil himself. Vel had been told to Home, with that deer, had even felt the whip, a rare thing to him. Give the deer up, never, unless to me. The other men laughed, the warden lost his temper and reached for his cartridges. Vel stood with bared fangs and every hair from his head to the tip of his tail erect. Things were desperate. Then suddenly another group of hunters appeared on the road. Joy of joys, two of them I knew, one being my guest and challenger of last evening. I called "Hurry," the warden turned and I slipped in front of Vel.

Of course it came out all right when the warden had a man's word for it and it was proven that I wasn't 'the hussey in pants' he had accused me of being. They helped me drag the deer in.

Mad—oh Outdoor Woman. I could have shot that ole warden if he had been worth hanging for.

The joke of it all was, we ate bunny for Thanksgiving, which I shot late Wednesday afternoon because I sold the doe to a man going home, who just couldn't face his friends minus one. It was a mighty good bunny and the family sent a box of fruit and an honest-to-goodness mince pie. My first Wilderness Thanksgiving was different at least.

Adios,

Nan.

P. S. Why does a wood stove burn out every time you turn your back?

The Canoe Trip

(Continued from page 158)

great deal of pep. "How did you like it, children?" The only answers were broad telling grins. Not a word could they utter, but looked and listened and never missed a thing. Father and I kept up a constant prattle. "How is it back there?" "This is the life for me—look at that old Kingfisher rattling by and there's his mate on that old stump—we have disturbed her catch, I'm sure." "Say, if you can manage the canoe I am going to cast a bit; maybe I can get a **big one** for dinner." "Alright," I said. "Try right over there under that old log. I think you will find one." Whir-r-r went the reel—how it did sing! Ka-Splash went the plug right near the log. "No good," said Father. "Fish all fed up."

On we went taking the turns in the river; now following the deep sluggish current; then floating, riding the ripples, dodging stones, submerged logs and brush. Many and many a lazy old bass was disturbed as he lay just under the moss. The sun shining on the water made a perfect mirror showing up the grasses, moss, stones and millions of different kinds of minnows. Skimming over the water as we did, big fish and schools of minnows would dart with lightning like speed to safety. On we floated past alder and cat-tail swamps, following the current, quickly sweeping by maples, willows and sycamores that sometimes reached far over the river. We came upon the green pasture lands that ended in a watering place at the river. Around the bend we found the river full of cattle drinking and enjoying the cool water. The old grey logs that stuck out of the water here and there were covered with black shiny turtles, with eyes like black jewels and yellow and black striped necks like onyx. Black jewels of the river are they. The solitary and spotted sandpipers teetered up and down the sand bars and river's edge hunting for bugs. The Kingfishers had their particular fishing grounds at every turn in the river. The Maryland Yellow Throats, Yellow Warblers and Goldfinches were noisy with their household affairs among the low shrubs and willows, flitting hither and thither ever on the hunt for food for their young. Almost every mud flat could claim a little green heron standing and waiting so silently, looking and waiting for fat reckless frogs. We would almost be upon him, so quietly did we travel, before he would fly to a safe tree.

"Look at that big snag ahead in the water! There might be a log there, be careful," said Father. "That's not a snag—that's a big blue heron, don't you see that snag has life?" "Let's watch him." Sure enough, the snag was very much alive.

We were so enthralled with the peacefulness of the scenery as we sailed along with the current that we forgot to eat. Then all of a sudden we were aware that it was time to make camp, and have lunch. "Let's see," said Father. "Over there on the bluffs is a fine place to build a fire." It was not long until a fire was built, potatoes boiling, bacon sizzling, chocolate made, onions sliced, fruit, homemade bread and butter ready. The food was served piping hot from the camp fire. It was a repast a canoeist could relish after a strenuous paddle of ten miles. The dishes were quickly washed and packed—fire put out and the picnic grounds left clean, and we were off again seeking new adventures.

To find a good camping place is one of the greatest pleasures a canoeist has to anticipate. We had to find a high dry place accessible to drinking water, either a cool spring or a farmer's well, and we must also have a landing place for the canoe; so that it can be pulled up out of the water and turned over for the night. We went on and on riding the ripples, drifting with the current and always looking, until at last, "Here's a beautiful place among the oaks—fine landing too—let's try it." We carried the pack sacks and placed them under the oak trees, found level places for the tents which were soon pitched. We made a fire and had supper ready in short order.

I looked in astonishment at the growing appetites of my family; the food I had generously provided for two days was fast dwindling.

Dusk was already upon us, and the moon just rising over the tree tops across the river. Soon the sticks began to crack and break up in the fire, the sparks flew, and the odor of the fire penetrated the woods. We sat silently around the camp fire, each with our own thoughts until we were sleepy. We kissed the children good night and off they went to their little tent. I could hear the childish voices laughing and talking about every night sound. Shortly after we put out the fire and went to our tent to sleep the sleep that only comes to out-of-door people.

Dawn came and we were up—standing around a roaring fire with bacon, pancakes, prunes and coffee for breakfast, the children having their choice of water or chocolate. Soon the blankets were folded and in the sack, tents rolled up, dishes washed, canoe packed and off again floating down the river, eager for new experiences.

On and on we went, each day bringing new pilgrimages, each night new experiences to the children and anticipation of new scenes and unexpected pleasures and adventures. Our journey ended after five days when we found a camp high on the bluffs of Lake Michigan.

This is a journey, a pilgrimage which is at our very door, and few people ever take it. It is one that will live in the memories of our children. In years to come they will say, "Do you remember when we were children—the time when we went with Father and Mother down the St. Joe river in a canoe?" The very weariness of sleeping on the hard ground, the sun burnt faces, the fish we didn't get, the making of camp in the rain, the loading and unloading of the canoe, the carrying of it over eight dams, and the sometimes trying experiences of getting it over, are only a few pictures that put an indelible stamp on the memory of the canoeist which is a joy through life. It is an experience to dream over. It is a pleasure, it is romance, and we did regret when it was ended. When Father came home on the trolley to get the auto and trailer to take us back, Rosemary said, "This river is too short, I wish it was a longer one." How we all wished it to be a longer one—how we all wanted our journey prolonged for days!

Compare

Heddon Rods
109 Prize Winners
71 on Miscellaneous Rods
63 on all other Bamboo Rods
155 on all makes of Non-wood Rods combined.

How Heddon Rods Have Figured in Eleven Years of "FIELD *and* STREAM" Magazine's Prize Bass Contests

GRASP the significance of proof like this—its conclusiveness—its guidance-value to your future tackle choice.

Field and Stream magazine's annual Prize Contests for largest bass are the nation's angling classic—recognized as the most representative, decisive and widely entered court of fishing results in America.

For eleven solid years in this nation-wide arena where are pitted every extreme of skill and luck, certainty and uncertainty, Heddon tackle has *consistently* maintained leadership over every other make or group of tackle *that can fairly be brought into comparison.*

Heddon Rods Outstrip All in Their Class

In these contests, Heddon winning Rods assert a 60 per cent lead over all other split bamboo rods put together—are only behind a *combined* group of rods of other material that enjoyed the equivalent of many years start before Heddon Rods appeared on the market!

These are known results—cold, stubborn records that admit no doubt or dispute. Their double message—the widespread and increasing adoption of Heddon Rods by America's expert anglers, and the outstanding superiority of Heddon equipment in the crucial tests of practical fishing—drives straight to the heart of what *your* tackle choice should be. Heddon—your Rod of final trust. Heddon—the tackle name of proved pre-eminence.

The book of Heddon Baits, Rods, Reels and Lines is free and you will like it.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Wm. Croft & Sons, Ltd., Toronto
Exclusive Canadian Representative